CLASSIC COMICS

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The Telesnap Archive

THE WEB OF FEAR

The Fifth Doctor watched as ***The Stars Fell on Stockbridge.***

The Second Doctor meets ***The Master of the Spiders.***

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Editor
Gary Russell

Assistant Editor
Marcus Hearn

Designer
Gary Gilbert

Consultants
John Ainsworth
Bruce Campbell
Andrew Pixley
Matthew Pereira
Stephen J Walker

Front Cover
Colin Howard

Production
Julie Pickering
Chris McCormack
Mathew Hyde

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This issue of Doctor Who Classic Comics premiers the first of our new-style Telesnap Archive features, and we couldn't think of a better way to begin than with one of the best-loved *Doctor Who* serials of all time.

***The Web of Fear* belongs to the category of stories that are only partially represented in the BBC's archives. The existing first episode of this, surely one of the most inventive of *Doctor Who*'s 'Earth Invasion' tales, is an atmospheric showcase for the talents of a classic TARDIS crew, a classic monster, and one of the finest *Doctor Who* directors to have ever worked on the show. The flair and attention to detail shown by Douglas Camfield in his direction of this story helps earmark it as an obvious template for Seventies *Doctor Who*. Our extensive collection of previously unpublished pictures ably illustrate why older *Doctor Who* fans hold the remaining episodes in equally high regard.**

Aided, as ever, by our telesnap consultants Matthew Pereira and Andrew Pixley, we'll be presenting all six episodes in a way which will hopefully rekindle fond memories in some of you, and give the rest of us some idea of what we, and the BBC, are missing.

Marcus

***STARS FELL ON STOCKBRIDGE*.....4**
The Fifth Doctor and his new friend Max investigate flying saucers and strange aliens in orbit above a sleepy English village. Written by Steve Parkhouse and featuring Dave Gibbons' final regular artwork for *Doctor Who*, the story has been newly coloured by Paul Vyse. Originally presented in **Doctor Who Monthly** Issues 68 – 69.

***DEADLY CHOICE*.....20**
The Third Doctor faces an attempt to brainwash Earth's leading scientists. Written by Dennis Hooper with art by Gerry Haylock. Orig-inally presented in *TV Action* Issues 101 – 103.

THE TELESNAP ARCHIVE: *THE WEB OF FEAR*.....25
The tunnels of the London Underground host a familiar alien menace for the Second Doctor in this 1968 classic. The next instalment of previously unpublished pictures can be found in **Doctor Who Magazine** Issue 211.

***THE DALEKS – THE EMISSARIES OF JEVO*.....31**
The penultimate adventure of *The Daleks*. Written by David Whitaker with art by Ron Turner. Originally presented in *TV Century 21* Issues 90 – 95.

***MASTER OF SPIDERS!*.....38**
The Second Doctor faces an arachnid menace. Originally presented in *TV Comic* Issues 799 – 802.

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FREE GIANT POSTER
The Kandyman – a sticky end for the Doctor?

STARS FELL ON STOCKBRIDGE

PART ONE

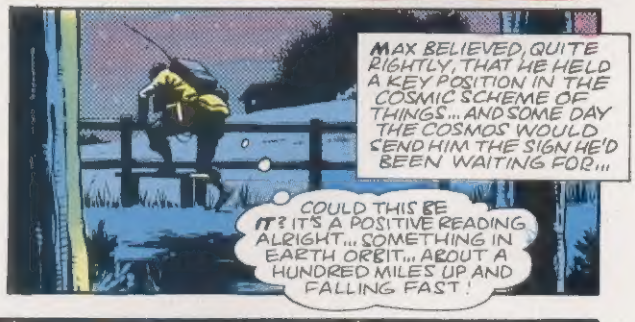
THE SMALL VILLAGE OF STOCKBRIDGE, SOMEWHERE IN THE DEPTHS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE, HAD RECENTLY BEEN WITNESS TO EVENTS OF A CATACLYSMIC NATURE...

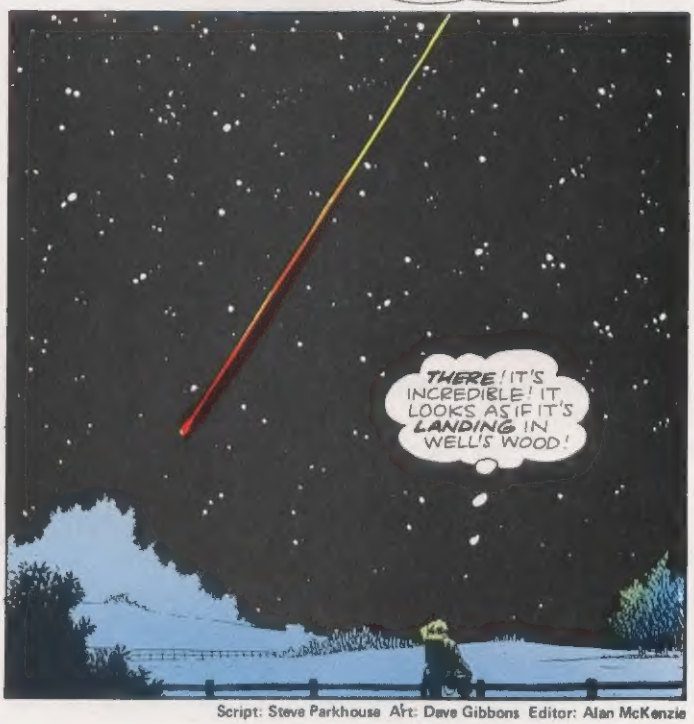
BUT THANKS TO THE TIMELY INTERVENTION OF THE DOCTOR AND THE MATRIX LORDS OF GALLIFREY, LIFE HAD RETURNED TO NORMAL...

WELL... RELATIVELY NORMAL...

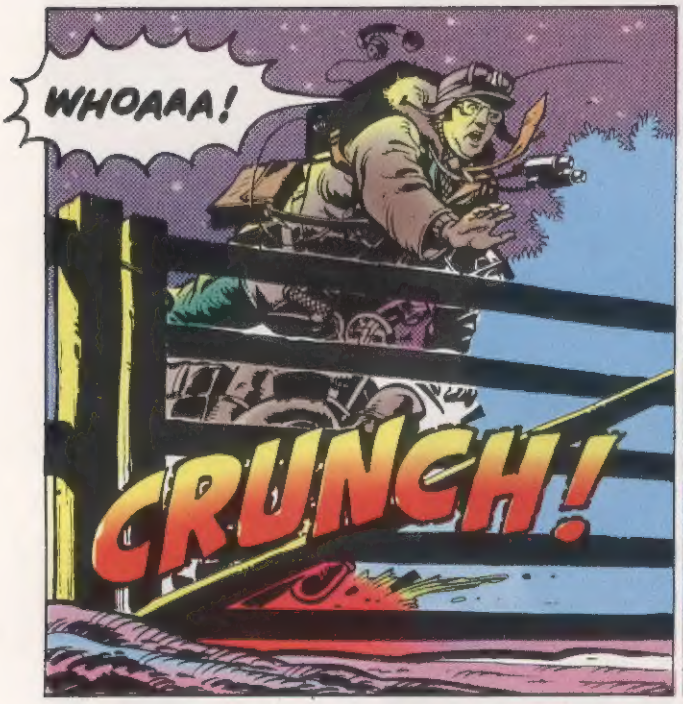
FOR WHEN MAXWELL EDISON WAS ABROAD, ALMOST ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN... AND FREQUENTLY DID!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING! I'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING!





Script: Steve Parkhouse Art: Dave Gibbons Editor: Alan McKenzie



AFTER TEN MINUTES SEARCHING, MAX HAD FOUND AN OLD BICYCLE FRAME, A DEAD CROW, TWO SPENT CARTRIDGES AND WHATSMORE...

HE HAD TRODDEN IN SOMETHING UNIDENTIFIABLE, WHICH HAD NEVER, EVER BEEN A FLYING OBJECT...

THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES ... THE DIVINING ROD!
IF THERE'S AN OBJECT OF POWER IN THESE WOODS, I'LL SURELY FIND IT WITH THIS!
BY GEORGE! I'M ONTO SOMETHING ALREADY!
CRIMINEY! I'M ALMOST ON TOP OF IT! IT MUST BE WITHIN A FEW FEET!
MAX TOOK A STEP FORWARD INTO THE DARKNESS...
OW!
CLONK!
THIS IS IT! THIS IS IT!
WELL, I'M BLOWED... IT'S QUITE SMALL REALLY... NOT LIKE AN INTERSTELLAR SPACE CRAFT AT ALL!
THEN SOMETHING CAUGHT MAX'S EYE IN THE TORCH-LIGHT... AND A CRUSHING DISAPPOINTMENT OVER-WHELMED HIM...
POLICE
PUBLI CALL
A POLICE BOX! A ROTTEN OLD POLICE BOX?
OHH... IT'S A SWIZZ... A DIRTY ROTTEN SWIZZ!
OF ALL THE ROTTEN TRICKS TO PLAY ON A CHAP...
I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GO BACK TO TRAIN SPOTTING!
BUT THEN...
YAAAGH!

OH, MY GOODNESS!

OHH... THIS IS WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!
ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREAMED OF THIS... AND IT'S HAPPENED AT LAST!

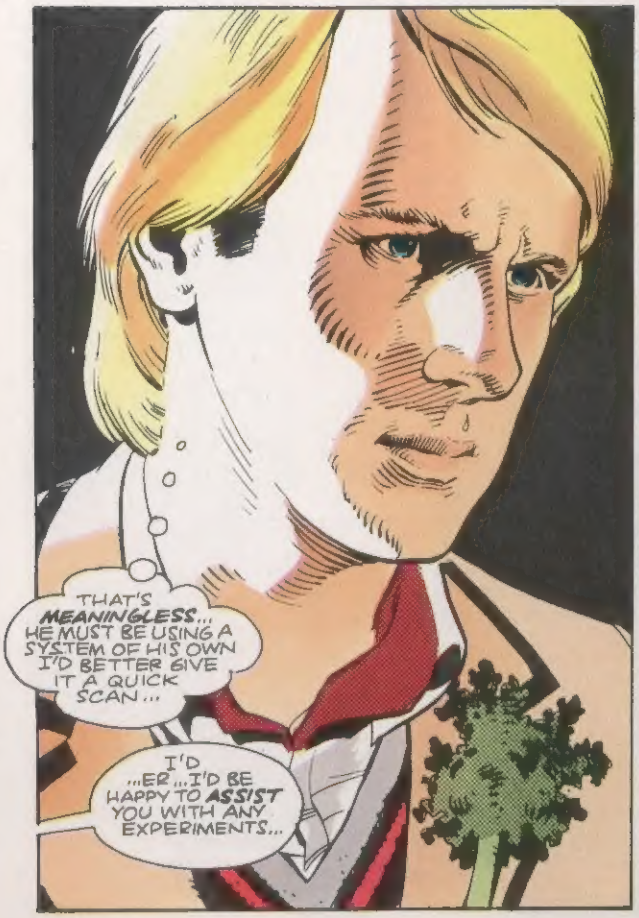
A REAL INTERSTELLAR VENUSIAN SPACECRAFT! ALL THE WAY FROM VENUS, JUST TO COMMUNICATE WITH ME!
WITH ME!

I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT IF I WERE YOU!
AAAGH!

WELCOME, MY FRIEND... WELCOME TO EARTH! I AM EARTH AMBASSADOR EDISON... AND I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

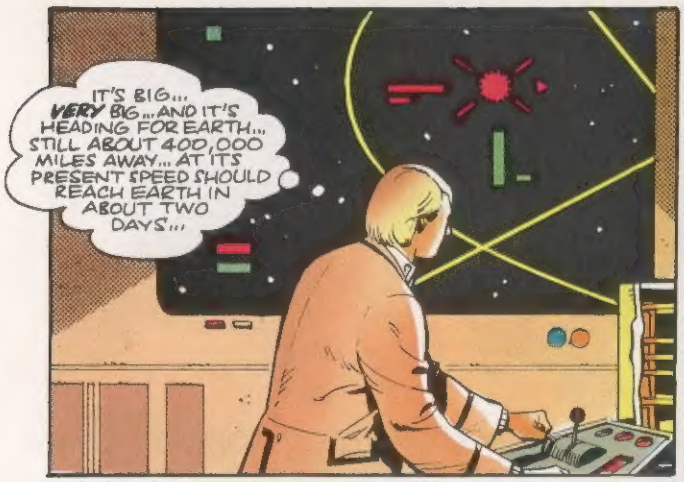
I...I TRACKED YOUR CRAFT TO EARTH WITH MY BIO-KINETIC ENERGISING RAY...
MAY I LOOK AT THAT MORE CLOSELY?
IT'S QUITE A SOPHISTICATED DEVICE, THOUGH NOT NEARLY AS COMPLEX AS YOUR VENUSIAN TECHNOLOGY...
IT'S JUST AN EMPTY BOX... WITH A FEW LOOSE WIRES!
WELL... ACTUALLY...ER... IT'S JUST A FOCUSSING DEVICE FOR TELEPATHIC ENERGY...YOU SEE, I DON'T REALLY KNOW MUCH ABOUT ELECTRONICS AT ALL...UM...
HE SOUNDS HARMLESS ENOUGH...BUT ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO SURE...

WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU PICKED UP A READING?
IN THE SOUTHERN SKY ...SECTOR 315 ... VECTOR ELEVEN ... QUADRANT 616!


THAT'S MEANINGLESS... HE MUST BE USING A SYSTEM OF HIS OWN I'D BETTER GIVE IT A QUICK SCAN...
I'D ...ER...I'D BE HAPPY TO ASSIST YOU WITH ANY EXPERIMENTS...

IF YOU WANT TO TAKE ANY BLOOD SAMPLES OR ANYTHING...I DON'T MIND!
GOOD HEAVENS! I'M ACTUALLY PICKING UP SOMETHING!

WHEN WILL YOU MAKE YOUR PRESENCE KNOWN TO WORLD GOVERNMENTS? MAY I TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH FOR THE U.F.O. SPOTTERS BI-MONTHLY NEWS LETTER?
IT'S TOO BIG FOR A SATELLITE...AND TOO FAR AWAY FOR A SPACE LAB...BESIDES, THERE AREN'T ANY IN ORBIT AT THE MOMENT...


IT'S BIG... VERY BIG... AND IT'S HEADING FOR EARTH... STILL ABOUT 400,000 MILES AWAY... AT ITS PRESENT SPEED SHOULD REACH EARTH IN ABOUT TWO DAYS...

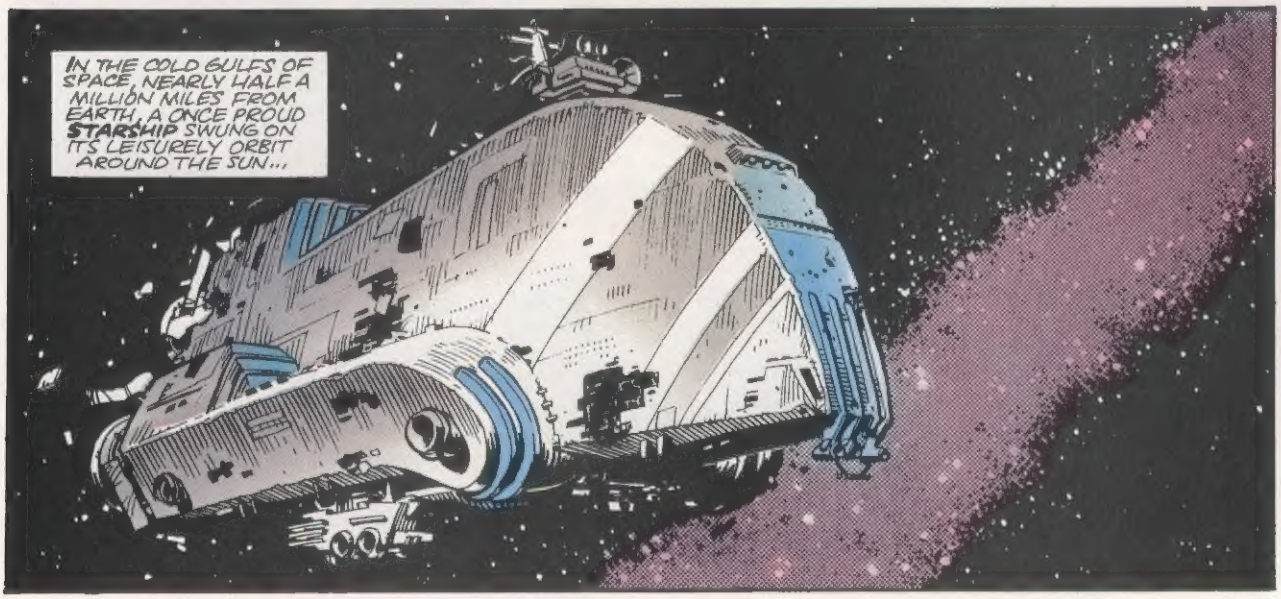
THERE IT IS! THAT'S WHAT YOU PICKED UP!
THOUGH HEAVEN KNOWS HOW!
OH, MY!

AHA! I UNDERSTAND NOW! THAT'S YOUR MOTHER-SHIP FROM VENUS, ISN'T IT?

I'M NOT FROM VENUS ... I'M FROM GALLIFREY!
AND I HAVEN'T GOT A MOTHER-SHIP!
GALLIFREY? I DON'T THINK THAT'S LISTED IN THE A-Z OF INHABITED PLANETS!

WHORP
WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE AN AMENDMENT, WON'T YOU?

IF YOU EVER GET THE CHANCE!


IN THE COLD GULFS OF SPACE, NEARLY HALF A MILLION MILES FROM EARTH, A ONCE PROUD STARSHIP SWUNG ON ITS LEISURELY ORBIT AROUND THE SUN...

ENGINES LONG-DEAD, IT WAS HELD IN THE SILENT GRIP OF GRAVITATIONAL FORCES...
SCARRED BY METEORS, SEEMINGLY ABANDONED... ITS ORIGIN AND PURPOSE UNKNOWN...

AND INSIDE, DECKS AND CABINS WHICH ONCE BUSTLED WITH LIFE, NOW ECHOED ONLY GHOSTLY WHISPERS...
OR REVERBERATED EERILY AS AN OCCASIONAL METEOR STRUCK THE OUTER HULL...

BUT NOW, THE HALF-GLOOM WAS DISPERSED BY A FLASHING BLUE LIGHT...
AND THE SHRIEK OF DISPLACED MATTER AS THE TARDIS BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE...
WARP

THEN, FULLY MATERIALISED, THE TARDIS SEEMED TO SINK INTO THE SILENT SHADOWS... ENVELOPED IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF BROODING MENACE...

BUT IF THIS WAS THE CRAFT I WAS TRACKING...HOW DID I FIND YOU?
AND WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

PURE COINCIDENCE.
OR WAS IT? PEOPLE WHO ARE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING HAVE A TENDENCY TO FIND IT...
WHETHER THEY WANT TO OR NOT!

AND AS FOR YOUR SECOND QUESTION... YOU MAY CALL ME THE DOCTOR...
CLAANGG!
SSHHH! DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT SEEMED TO COME FROM A LONG WAY OFF!
DOCTOR... I CAN SENSE A PRESENCE HERE... I... I'M VERY SENSITIVE TO THESE THINGS...
IT SPEAKS TO ME OF EMPTI-NESS... A VAST, ACHING EMPTINESS! AND LONELY, SO VERY LONELY!
OH, DOCTOR... I THOUGHT I WAS LONELY... BUT THIS... THIS IS ABJECT DESPAIR! TOTAL ANGUISH... I CAN HARDLY BEAR IT!
STEADY ON, OLD CHAP... TRY AND KEEP IT OUTSIDE YOURSELF! DON'T YIELD TOO MUCH...
BUT... IT'S COMING THIS WAY! GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER... CAN'T YOU FEEL IT?
GOOD GRIEF, HE'S RIGHT... THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF MY NECK ARE STANDING ON END!
NNAGH!
NEXT MOMENT... A PIERCING SCREAM CUT THROUGH THE OPPRESSIVE SILENCE...
AND WHEN THE DOCTOR LOOKED DOWN AT MAX...
HE HAD FAINTED DEAD AWAY!
NEXT: IT!

STARS FELL ON STOCKBRIDGE

PART TWO

Script: Steve Parkhouse Art: Dave Gibbons Editor: Alan McKenzie

AT LEAST HE'S LEFT HIS TORCH BEHIND... AND I CAN HEAR SOMETHING UP AHEAD!
MAX! IS THAT YOU?
WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU?
MAX! MAX! MAX! MAX! MAX! MAX!
ONLY MOURNFUL ECHOES GREETED THE DOCTOR'S CRIES ...AND THEN THE SUDDEN BOOM OF FOOTSTEPS!
THOOM THOOM THOOM
MAX! MAX!

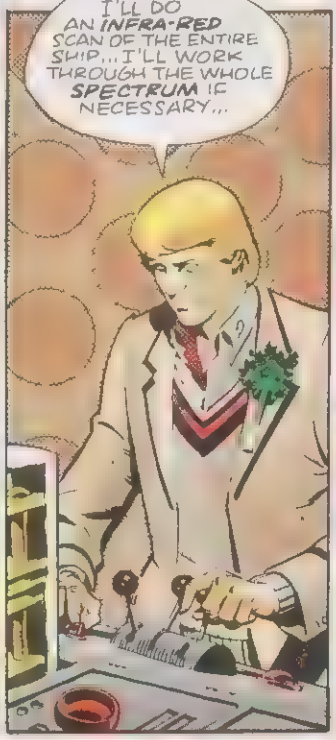
GAAH!
IT'S AN EMPTY SPACE-SUIT OF SOME KIND!
BUT WHAT KIND OF CREATURE WAS IT INTENDED FOR?

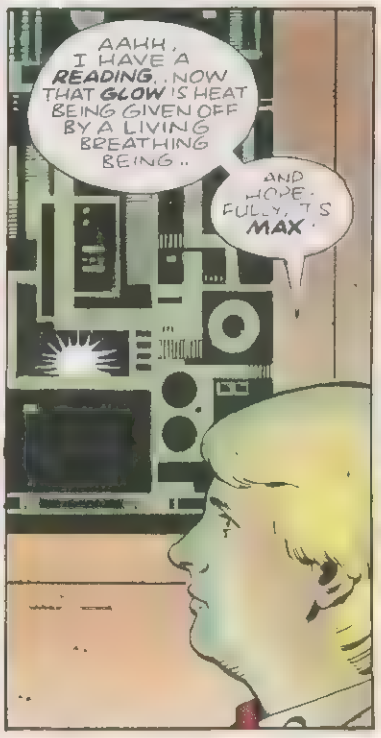
THEN A THIN, WAVERING VOICE CALLED OUT... AS IF FROM A GREAT DISTANCE...
DOCTOR HELP HELP ME, DOCTOR!

KEEP CALLING! I'LL FOLLOW THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE!
KEEP CALLING!

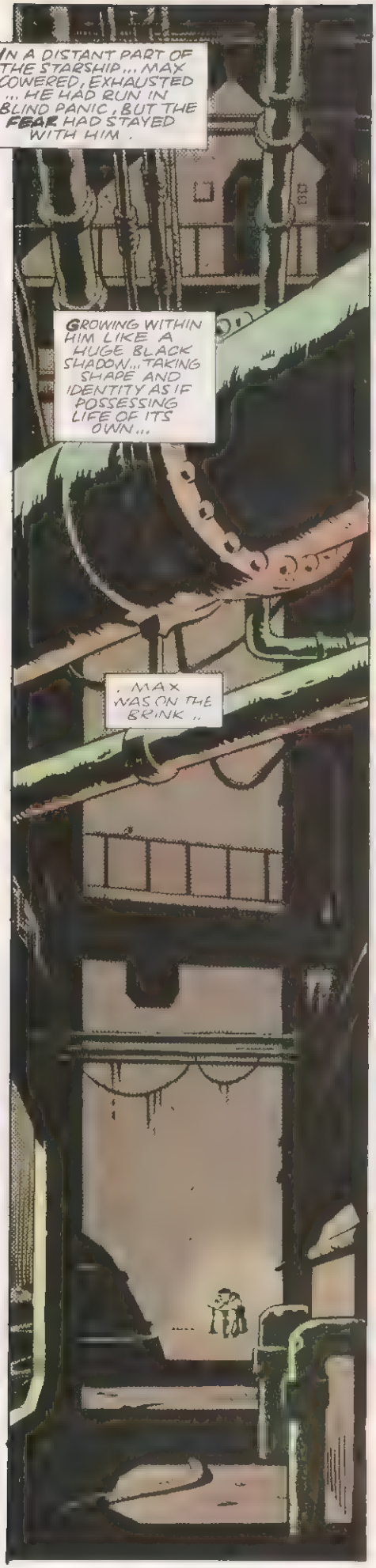
FOR LONG MINUTES, THE DOCTOR POUNDED DOWN DESERTED CORRIDORS...FEELINGS OF UNEASINESS GROWING AT EVERY STEP, AND THE VOICE KEPT CALLING, ALWAYS JUST OUT OF RANGE...
...UNTIL...
I'M BACK AT THE TARDIS ...I MUST HAVE WALKED IN A BIG CIRCLE!

I CAN'T KEEP GROPING AROUND IN THE DARK. IT'S TIME TO APPLY A LITTLE REASON

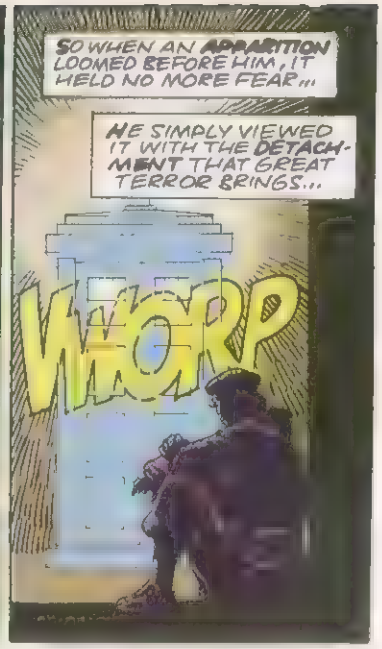

I'LL DO AN INFRA-RED SCAN OF THE ENTIRE SHIP... I'LL WORK THROUGH THE WHOLE SPECTRUM IF NECESSARY...


AAHH, I HAVE A READING.. NOW THAT GLOW IS HEAT BEING GIVEN OFF BY A LIVING BREATHING BEING..
AND HOPEFULLY, IT'S MAX!

WHOP
IF IT ISN'T..I MAY BE HEADING FOR BIG TROUBLE!


IN A DISTANT PART OF THE STARSHIP... MAX COWERED, EXHAUSTED ... HE HAD RUN IN BLIND PANIC, BUT THE FEAR HAD STAYED WITH HIM.
GROWING WITHIN HIM LIKE A HUGE BLACK SHADOW... TAKING SHAPE AND IDENTITY AS IF POSSESSING LIFE OF ITS OWN...
. MAX WAS ON THE BRINK ..

HE HAD REACHED THE POINT WHERE A MORE RATIONAL MAN WOULD HAVE CRACKED ..BUT STILL HE HELD ON...


SO WHEN AN APPARITION LOOMED BEFORE HIM, IT HELD NO MORE FEAR...
HE SIMPLY VIEWED IT WITH THE DETACHMENT THAT GREAT TERROR BRINGS...
WHORP

MAX! CAN YOU HEAR ME? ARE YOU ALRIGHT? I HEARD YOU CALLING!
IT WASN'T ME...NOT ME..IT WAS THE THING.. THE THING IN THE DARK! I DIDN'T CALL OUT... IT WASN'T MY VOICE!
IT WASN'T MY VOICE!

THE RISING HYSTERIA IN MAX'S VOICE WAS CUT SHORT BY AN OPEN-HANDED SLAP ...JUST HARD ENOUGH TO SHOCK HIS MIND BACK TO AWARENESS
SLAP

YOU HIT ME! YOU HIT ME! AND I'M WEARING GLASSES AS WELL!
MAX, LISTEN TO ME.. WE'RE ALONE ON THIS SHIP! THERE IS NO OTHER LIFE-FORCE RECORDED ON MY SCANNER!

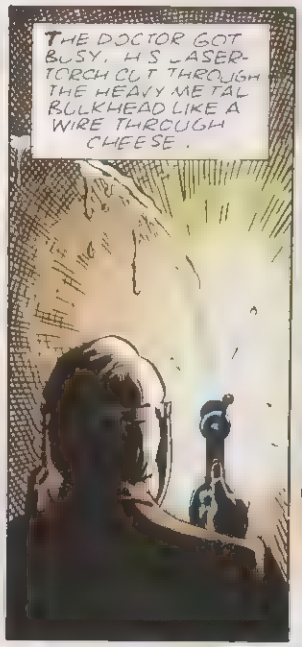
BUT THERE WAS A LIFE-FORCE RECORDED ON MY SCANNER, DOCTOR... LOOK!
IT'S A BROKEN STICK, MAX...

THIS IS WHAT'S LEFT OF MY DIVINING ROD, DOCTOR ... I TRIED IT OUT TO SEE IF I COULD FIND MY WAY BACK TO YOUR CRAFT...
BUT I CONTACTED A FORCE SO POWERFUL IT BROKE THE ROD IN HALF!

AND WHAT'S MORE ... THE FORCE I LOCATED IS BEHIND THIS WALL

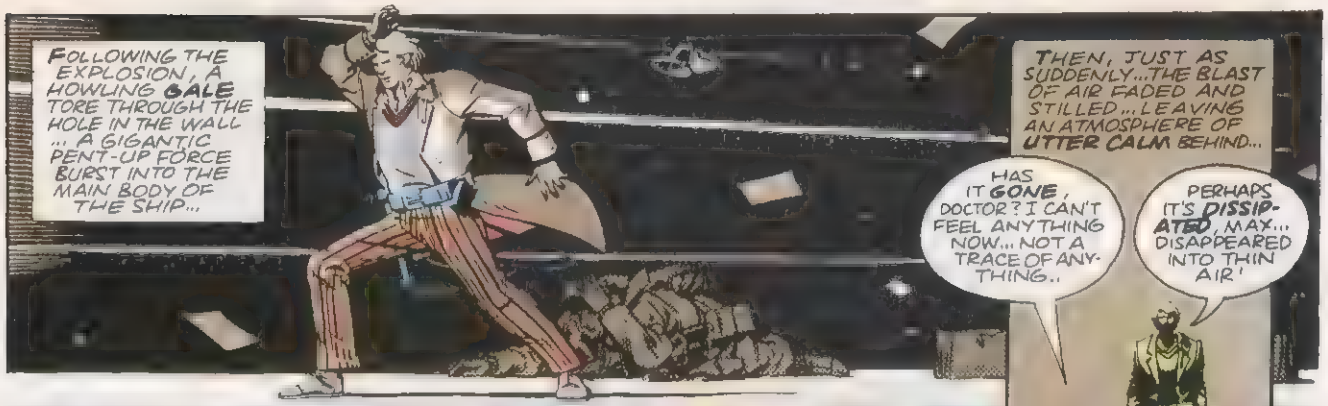
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS...
WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

MINUTES LATER... MAX HAD HIS ANSWER...
I'M GOING TO CUT THROUGH THE WALL AND SEE WHAT'S BEHIND IT!


THE DOCTOR GOT BUSY. HIS LASER-TORCH CUT THROUGH THE HEAVY METAL BULKHEAD LIKE A WIRE THROUGH CHEESE.

AND BEFORE TOO LONG
THERE NOW STAND BACK, MAX. WE'LL LET IT COOL DOWN A BIT BEFORE WE ..

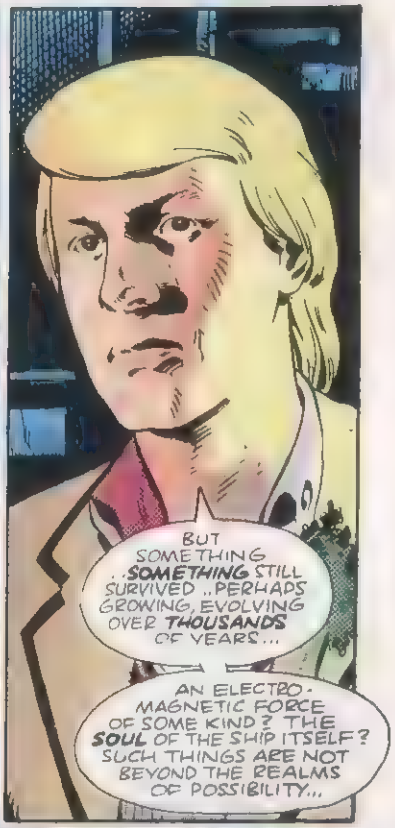
BUT THEN... BEFORE EITHER OF THEM COULD MOVE ..
WHOOM!

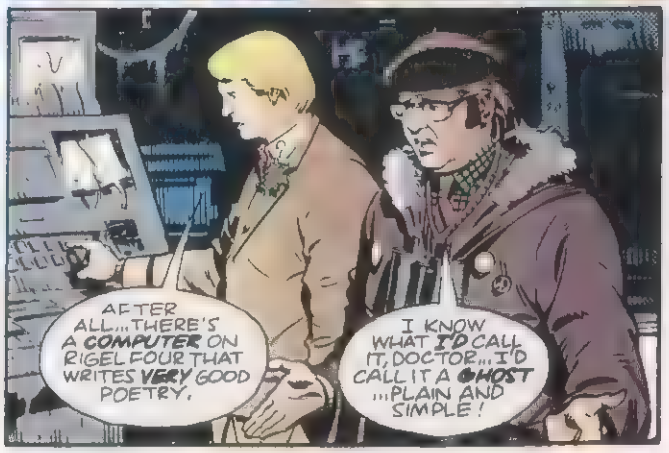

FOLLOWING THE EXPLOSION, A HOWLING GALE TORE THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE WALL ... A GIGANTIC PENT-UP FORCE BURST INTO THE MAIN BODY OF THE SHIP...
THEN, JUST AS SUDDENLY...THE BLAST OF AIR FADED AND STILLED... LEAVING AN ATMOSPHERE OF UTTER CALM BEHIND...
HAS IT GONE, DOCTOR? I CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING NOW... NOT A TRACE OF ANYTHING..
PERHAPS IT'S DISSIPATED, MAX... DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

THE TWO ADVENTURERS PEERED CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE CHAMBER... SEALED FOR AN INCALCULABLE SPAN OF TIME...
WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR?

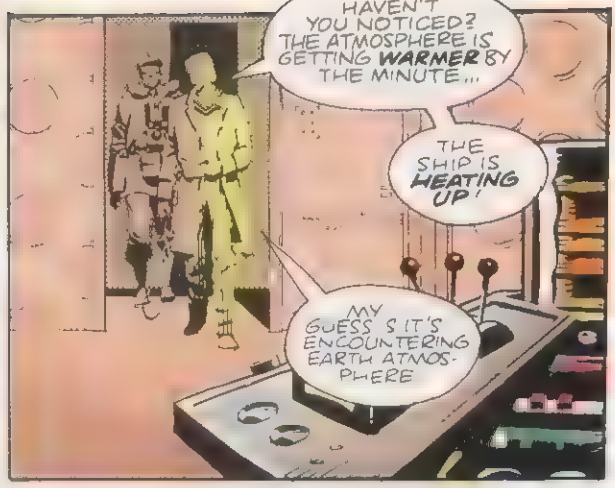
IT'S A CONTROL-ROOM, MAX... WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED A 'COCKPIT' IN AN AIRCRAFT FROM EARTH...
BUT IT'S ALL COMPLETELY COMPUTER-BASED ...OR IT WAS

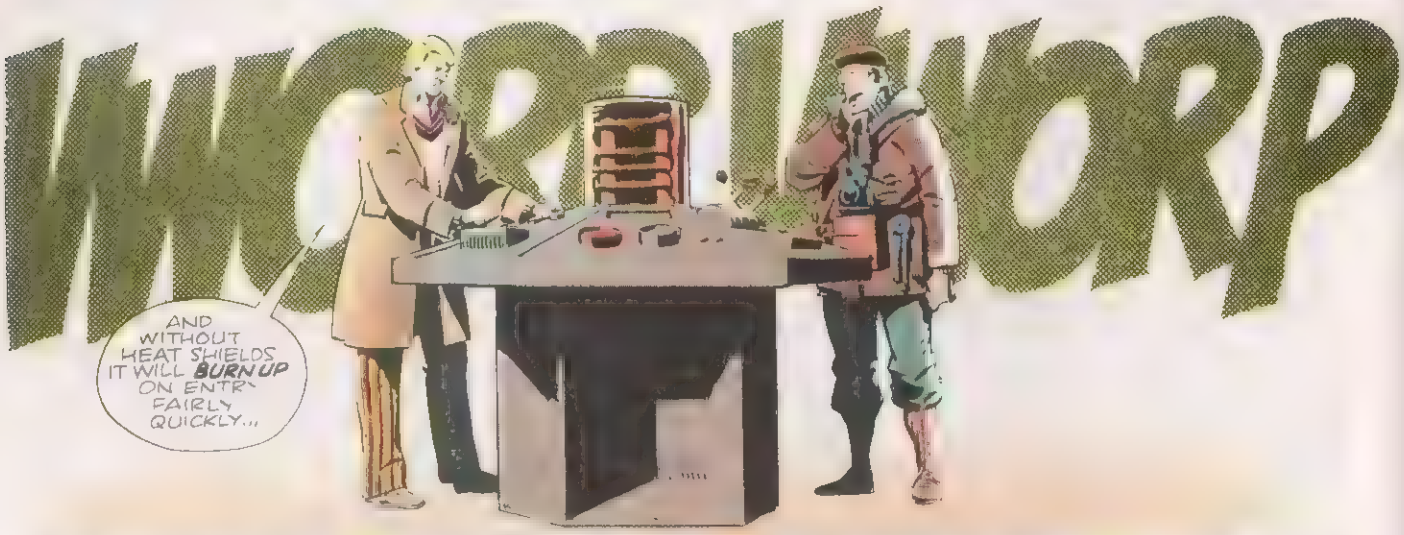
IT'S ALL MORE OR LESS DISINTEGRATED NOW..THE SHIP'S ATMOSPHERE HAS SEEN TO THAT
OBVIOUSLY, AN ENORMOUS LENGTH OF TIME HAS PASSED SINCE THIS WAS ALL DESIGNED AND BUILT.

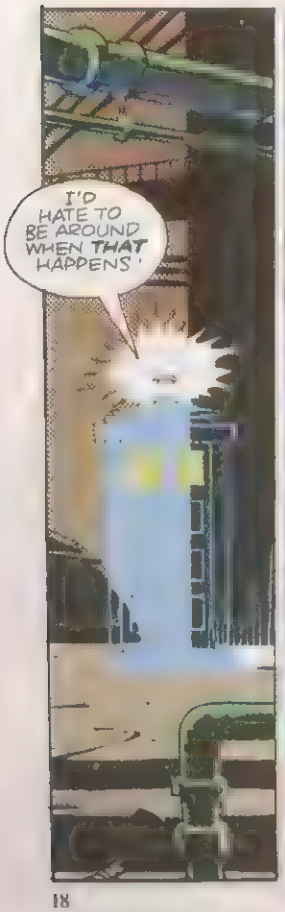

BUT SOMETHING ...SOMETHING STILL SURVIVED ..PERHAPS GROWING, EVOLVING OVER THOUSANDS OF YEARS...
AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FORCE OF SOME KIND? THE SOUL OF THE SHIP ITSELF? SUCH THINGS ARE NOT BEYOND THE REALMS OF POSSIBILITY...


AFTER ALL...THERE'S A COMPUTER ON RIGEL FOUR THAT WRITES VERY GOOD POETRY.
I KNOW WHAT I'D CALL IT, DOCTOR... I'D CALL IT A GHOST ...PLAIN AND SIMPLE!

THAT'S SOMETHING WE MAY NEVER KNOW FOR SURE, MAX..
ARE WE LEAVING?


HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED? THE ATMOSPHERE IS GETTING WARMER BY THE MINUTE...
THE SHIP IS HEATING UP!
MY GUESS IT'S ENCOUNTERING EARTH ATMOSPHERE


AND WITHOUT HEAT SHIELDS IT WILL BURN UP ON ENTRY FAIRLY QUICKLY...


I'D HATE TO BE AROUND WHEN THAT HAPPENS!

THE AREA KNOWN AS WELLS WOOD ONCE AGAIN BORE SILENT WITNESS TO THE ARRIVAL OF AN ALIEN VISITOR...

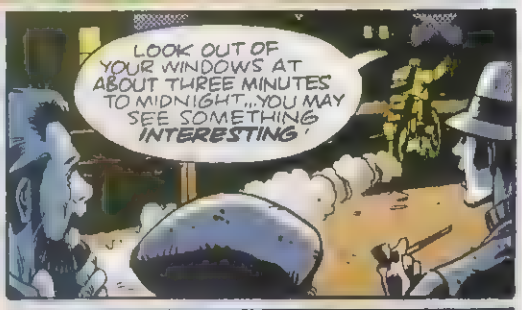
IS THIS GOODBYE, DOCTOR?
FOR A WHILE MAX THOUGH I DARESAY WE'LL BUMP INTO EACH OTHER BEFORE LONG..

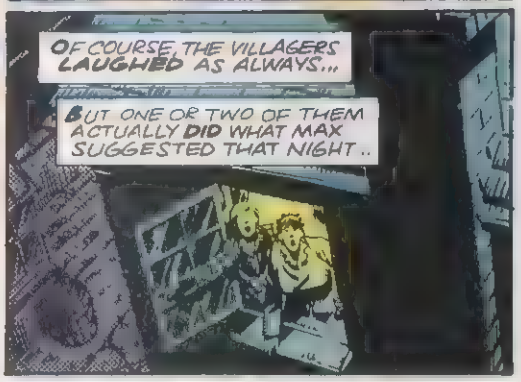
ONE LAST QUESTION... EXACTLY WHEN WILL THAT STARSHIP BEGIN TO BREAK UP?
PRECISELY FIFTY SEVEN MINUTES FROM NOW...THE DEBRIS SHOULD SCATTER FAR AND WIDE ... IT'LL BE QUITE A DISPLAY!

THAT'S ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW...
THANKS, DOCTOR!

DOWN AT THE REDFERN INN, THE REGULARS WERE TURNING OUT AS USUAL AS MAX MADE HIS WAY HOMEWARD ..
THERE GOES MAX AGAIN!
HAW, HAW!
WHERE YOU BEEN TONIGHT, MAX... OUT ON YOUR FLYING CARPET?

ACTUALLY, NO... I'VE BEEN TRACKING DOWN LIGHTS IN THE SKY... WITH A FRIEND

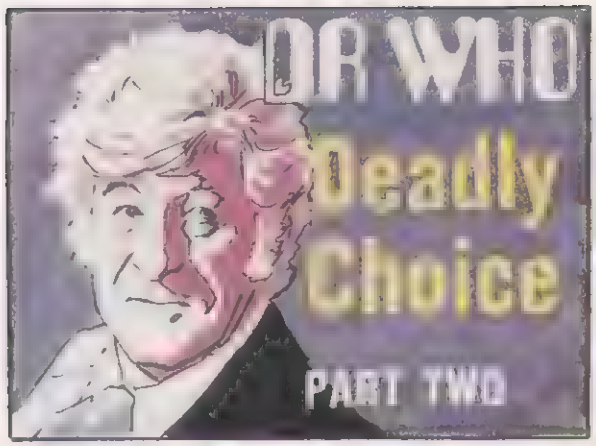

LOOK OUT OF YOUR WINDOWS AT ABOUT THREE MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT... YOU MAY SEE SOMETHING INTERESTING!


OF COURSE, THE VILLAGERS LAUGHED AS ALWAYS...
BUT ONE OR TWO OF THEM ACTUALLY DID WHAT MAX SUGGESTED THAT NIGHT ..

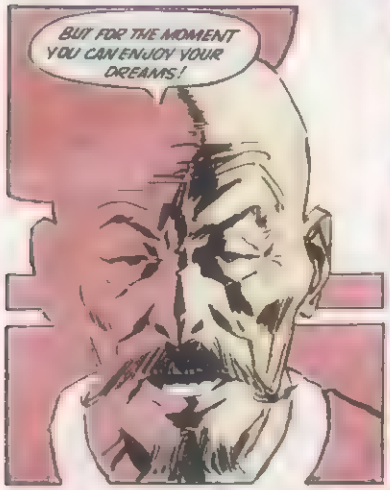
THE NIGHT THAT MAX GAINED A LITTLE GRUDGING RESPECT IN THE VILLAGE...
THE NIGHT THAT STARS FELL ON STOCKBRIDGE ..
DAVE GIBBONS

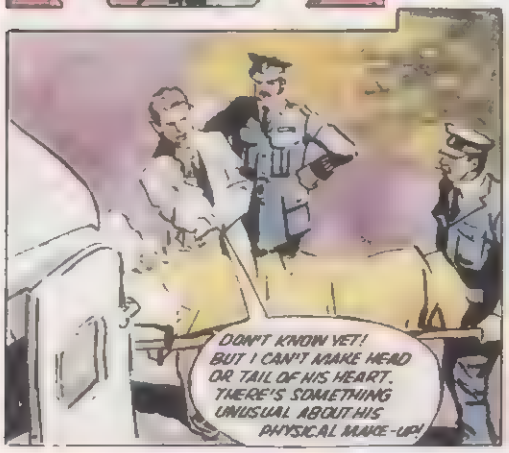
DR WHO
Deadly Choice
PART ONE
IN A REMOTE VALLEY SOMEWHERE IN ASIA...
ARE THE FINAL ARRANGEMENTS MADE, TANG SANG?
THEY ARE, MASTER!
THE ABBOT OF MAI'SUNG GIVES A SMILE OF SINISTER CONTENTMENT.
AND WHAT OF THE MYSTERIOUS GENIUS THEY CALL 'THE DOCTOR'?
HE TOO, HAS BEEN TRACED MASTER!
THEN I AM READY TO AVENGE EARTH!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER
QUITE A FAN MAIL FOR YOU TODAY, DOCTOR!
THANK YOU, FRED!
THE DOCTOR CONTACTS SOME OF HIS MOST GIFTED FRIENDS...
AS THEY'RE PAYING MY EXPENSES, I'LL GO!
IT SEEMS TO BE GENUINE, DOCTOR!
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING SINISTER ABOUT IT, DOCTOR!
NOW, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
HOW VERY COMMENDABLE... BUT ALSO VERY MYSTERIOUS. I THINK I'D BETTER MAKE SOME ENQUIRIES!
Dear Doctor
You are invited
conference of the world's
scientific minds
endeavour is
for
AND SO, A WEEK LATER
AH, HERE WE ARE... THIS MUST BE CHARLEMAGNE HALL.
SOON...
WHERE IS OUR HOST, SIR WILLIAM?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, DOCTOR? HE'S NOT ACTUALLY COMING!

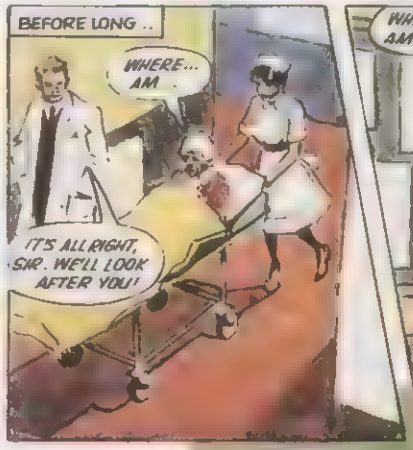
NOT COMING? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
OUR CONFERENCE IS TV LINKED WITH OTHER CONFERENCES ALL OVER THE WORLD!
WE'LL SOON SEE IF IT WORKS. THE FIRST SESSION IS DUE TO START IN FIVE MINUTES.
THERE'S SOMETHING DISTURBING ABOUT THIS CONFERENCE, A SORT OF FOREBODING.
STUFF AND NONSENSE!
YOU SOUND LIKE A WITCHDOCTOR!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PRAY SILENCE FOR YOUR HOST!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE. I WELCOME YOU TO OUR CONFERENCE!
A CONFERENCE WITH A DIFFERENCE!
NOW PERHAPS WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
E F
SCIENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD LISTEN INTENTLY
HOW CAN OUR POOR PLANET BEST BE SERVED? I TELL YOU HOW, MY FRIENDS...
... FIRST WE REMOVE YOUR MEDDLING SCIENTIFIC PRESENCE FROM THE PEOPLE!
LIKE THIS
NERVE GAS!
E F

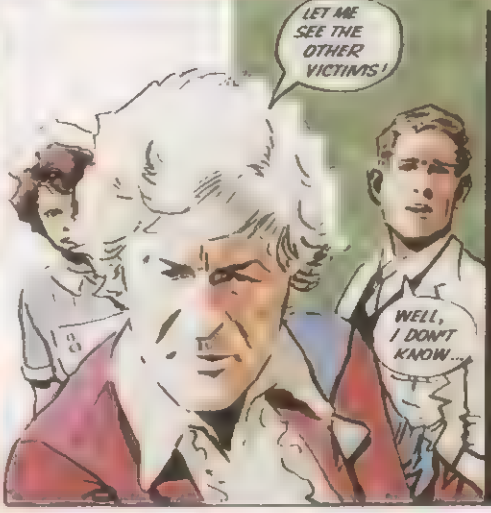


The Doctor, together with most of the world's top scientists, is attending a world TV-linked conference run by a mysterious society called 'Friends of Earth'. When they are addressed by their sinister host, they learn too late of his evil intent. . . .

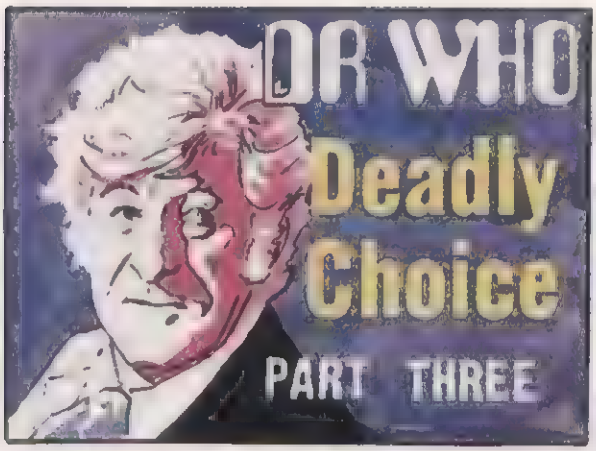




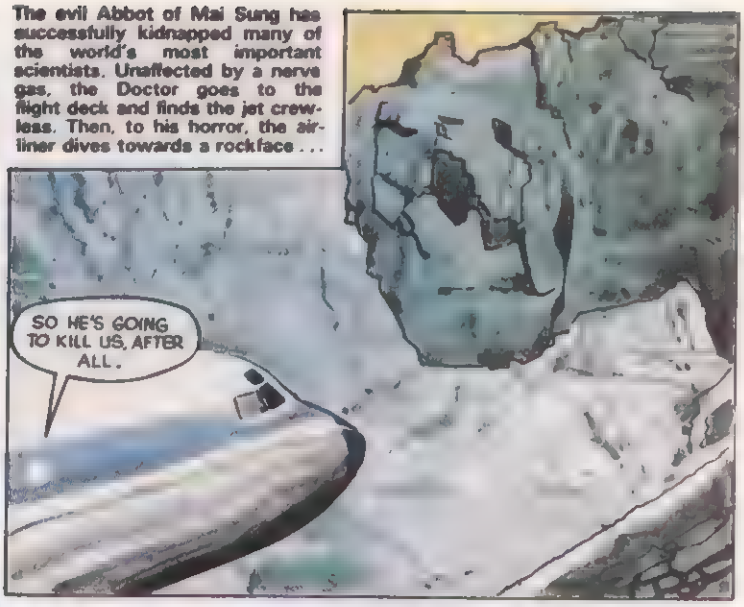


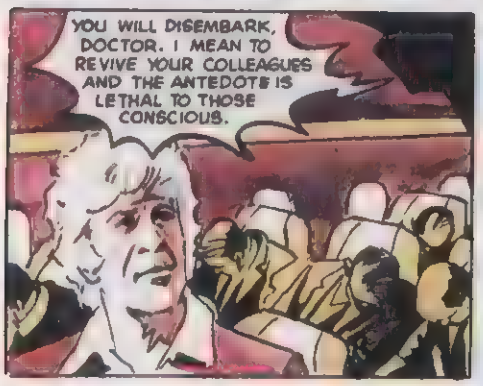


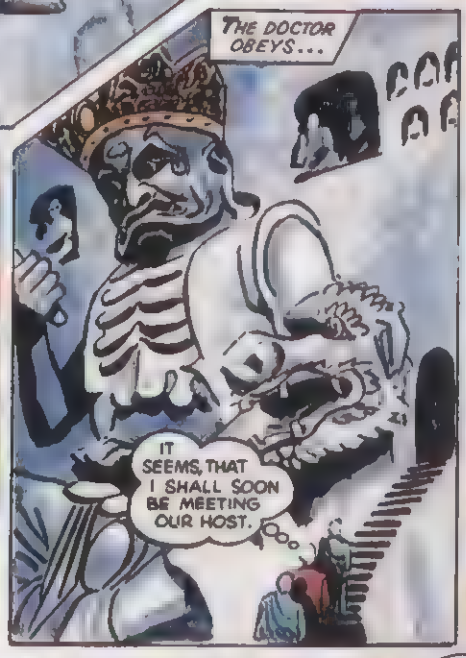
MEANWHILE, THE ABBOT OF MAI' SUNG IS READY FOR HIS NEXT MOVE...
MY TRANSPORT WILL ARRIVE IN ONE HOUR. LOAD THE VICTIMS ABOARD, OR THEY WILL DIE WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS!
IT TAKES THE AUTHORITIES ONLY TWO HOURS TO MAKE THEIR DECISION...
ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, DOCTOR?
IF I FAIL, THE WORLD'S GREATEST MINDS DISAPPEAR FOR GOOD. GIVE ME THE DEVICE!
ONLY MINUTES LATER.
BUT THE MANIAC'S THREATENED TO DESTROY THE JET IF WE SHOULD TRACK IT!
I THINK WE SHOULD TRACK THEM WITH A FIGHTER SQUADRON!
AND ABOARD THE OUTGOING JET...
TIME I MADE A VISIT TO THE CREW!
AND SO...
SO FAR... SO GOOD!
BUT THEN
GOOD GRACIOUS ME!
THE DOCTOR'S EXPEDITION HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED...
THE MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR. BUT HOW DID HE ESCAPE MY NERVE GAS? IT IS NOT POSSIBLE!
MANY HOURS LATER, WHEN THE JET NEARS ITS DESTINATION...
IT'S GOING TO CRASH!

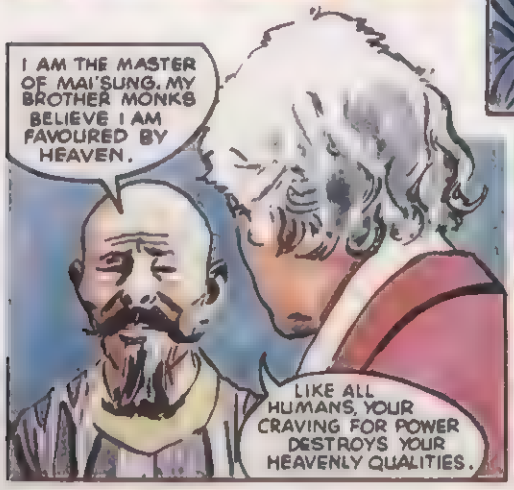


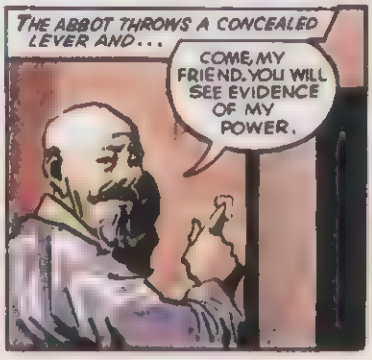
The evil Abbot of Mai Sung has successfully kidnapped many of the world's most important scientists. Unaffected by a nerve gas, the Doctor goes to the flight deck and finds the jet crewless. Then, to his horror, the airliner dives towards a rockface . . .

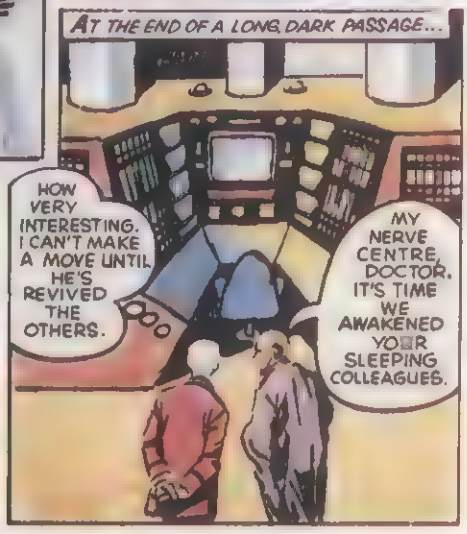












THE WEB OF FEAR

EPISODE 1

by
Mervyn Haisman
and Henry Lincoln

directed by
Douglas Camfield

transmitted
3rd February 1968

Thank goodness . . . Oh, it's you . . . I thought for one moment it was . . . I'll just sit down for a minute. I 'm glad I met you as a matter of fact, there's something I want to tell you. When we start out on our next adventure – Jamie, Victoria and I – we meet some old friends. Yes, and we also meet some old enemies. Very old enemies. The Yeti as a matter of fact. Only this time they're just a little bit more frightening than last time. So I'll warn you that if your Mummy or Daddy are scared you just get them to hold your hand.
(gunfire)
Here we go again. I've got to go. See you soon – I hope!
Patrick Troughton as the Doctor, from a specially-recorded trailer transmitted after the conclusion of* The Enemy of the World *on 27th January 1968.

As Salamander is violently expelled into the space/time vortex the Doctor, Jamie and Victoria cling on to the base of the TARDIS console for dear life. "We've got to close the doors!" the Doctor calls out.

With difficulty, Jamie manoeuvres himself along the wall roundels to the other side of the console room and falls against the controls. He succeeds in operating the door control before he is pulled back towards his struggling companions.

With the double-doors safely closed the TARDIS crew extricate themselves and sit up. "Well done Jamie," the Doctor congratulates his companion. Reassuring Victoria he playfully enquires "Now, where shall we go?"

An unenthusiastic Jamie jibes the Doctor that he has no control over the TARDIS' destination. An indignant Doctor begins to manipulate the machine's controls as Victoria sighs "Here we go again."

Inside a dark, candle-lit museum Professor Edward Travers gazes mournfully at the Yeti he brought back from his Tibetan expedition of 1935.

His thoughts are interrupted by his daughter, Anne, and the museum's proprietor, Julius Silverstein. She has arrived in response to a telegram from her father, stating that he is in trouble. "Trouble," the Professor emphasises, "and it's *that* thing!"

Professor Travers fails to persuade Silverstein to part with the Yeti exhibit. "For thirty years it has stood here in my museum, and now he tells me it's dangerous!" the enraged proprietor exclaims.

Anne tries to calm her father, reminding him the Yeti cannot function without its control sphere. Her father then reveals that he has reactivated just such a sphere – but that it has disappeared. Julius still refuses to part with the Yeti and accuses the Professor of scaremongering.

"All right," shouts Travers in frustration, "I'll buy the thing back if that's what you want!" The museum-owner remains steadfast, refusing to part with his unique exhibit. Anne attempts to pacify her father and the two are escorted out.

As Julius sees his visitors out of the building, a bleeping silver ball hovers outside the window, near the dormant Yeti. It is an object familiar as a control sphere, used by The Great Intelligence to manipulate the robotic giants. It drops from sight as Silverstein returns.

As Silverstein starts blowing out the museum candles the sphere reappears and propels itself through the glass. Silverstein suspects Travers, and examining the broken window he fails to notice the Yeti's eyes suddenly illuminate asits body adopts a menacing stance.

Brought back to life by the control sphere now implanted in its chest, the beast slowly turns to face the mortified museum-owner

Silverstein barely has a chance to scream before the creature looms before him, striking him down with a savage blow.

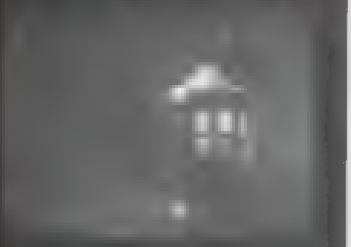
Inside the TARDIS the Doctor refuses to allow his meal to be disturbed by Jamie's insistence that the materialisation indicator on the console is flashing. He points out that the TARDIS is obviously still in flight.

Victoria enters the console room wearing a new dress, and also notices the flashing console light. The Doctor's suspicions of a light-hearted conspiracy against him are forgotten when he too notices the blinking indicator.

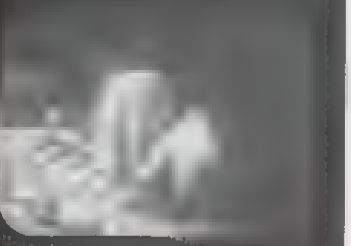
The Doctor confirms that they are apparently landing. While Jamie and Victoria speculate on their destination, they look to the scanner for clues.

Puzzlingly, the scanner only shows a formation of stars. The Doctor surmises that they are suspended in space.

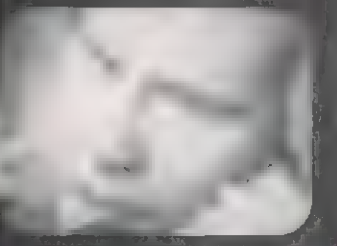
Meanwhile, the surface of the TARDIS is slowly enveloped in a gossamer-like web substance. As it spreads the machine's flashing roof-top light is slowly obscured.



With growing concern, the Doctor checks the Ship's controls with the help of his companions but can find nothing wrong. Victoria draws his attention to the scanner, which is becoming smothered in a pulsating web.



In an underground fortress close to Goodge Street tube station Corporal Lane is on the telephone when Corporal Blake enters enquiring the whereabouts of Captain Knight.



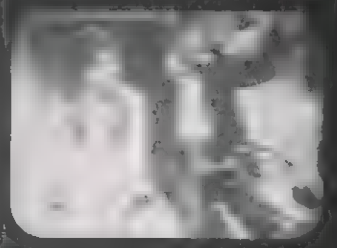
The Captain is upstairs, recording an interview with journalist Harold Chorley. His sincere tribute to his late commanding officer, Colonel Pemberton, seems to fall on deaf ears. "I meant what I said, Mr Chorley," the soldier emphasises.

Professor Travers bustles past a saluting soldier, furious at his secondment. Knight informs him that he is here at his daughter's, not the army's, request.

After a brief but hostile exchange he leaves Travers alone with Chorley, who introduces himself as a journalist from London Television, and the crisis' official journalistic correspondent.

His attempts to interview Travers are curtly dismissed by the irascible Professor who succeeds in leaving Chorley lost for words.

Inside the TARDIS Jamie hands the Doctor a vital component which puts the finishing touch to a device he hopes will release them from their predicament.



The web smothering the outside of the TARDIS slowly begins to dissipate.

The Doctor hurriedly links the device to the console and flicks a switch. The TARDIS begins to materialise and a piercing noise surrounds them before they're thrown to their feet

The Doctor informs Jamie and Victoria that the device has moved them on about half a mile from where they were expected to land. The scanner indicates they have landed in a long dark tunnel.

"Is it safe?" asks a concerned Victoria. "I shouldn't think so for a moment," replies the Doctor and asks Jamie to fetch them some torches.

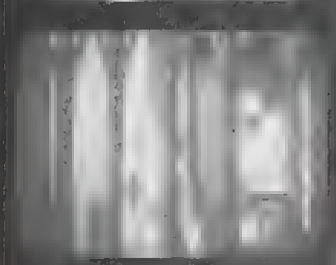
Emerging from the Police Box into the mouth of a tunnel, the TARDIS crew trade theories – are they in a prison, or the dungeons of a castle?

They locate a darkened staircase and descend it cautiously.

At the foot of the stairs, the Doctor notes the tiled walls and the curved ceiling.

Jamie points out what he believes to be a trench, while Victoria draws the Doctor's attention to a sign on the wall. Jamie's torchlight reveals the legend COVENT GARDEN. "Of course," the Doctor chuckles, "it's an underground station!"

After a brief explanation of this particular form of public transport, the Doctor leads his friends up a long staircase which ends with a barred station exit – and the realisation that, despite the deserted station, outside is broad daylight.



The Doctor agrees with Victoria that, for the middle of the day, everything seems unnaturally quiet.

Jamie spots a news vendor outside the gate, but when he taps the old man on the shoulder he topples to the ground.

His fallen body, covered in dense cobweb-like substance, reveals the extent of the crisis facing the country's capital.

Retracing their steps, the Doctor suggests journeying to the next station. Jamie's close shave near some tracks leads the Doctor to produce a device to measure the rail's current. He discovers it has none. They gingerly make their way along the tunnel.

Pausing momentarily, the Doctor runs his fingers over a rail – the layers of dust betray the fact no trains have run for some time. Their investigations then turn up a power cable, moments before the tunnel is suddenly illuminated. The travellers duck into a nearby alcove.

The Doctor cautiously peers to notice three soldiers unwinding a large drum of cable along the tunnel.

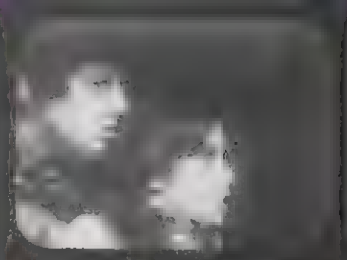
When the soldiers have passed, the Doctor, Jamie and Victoria cautiously peer after them and emerge from their alcove. The Doctor tells Jamie and Victoria to surreptitiously follow the soldiers while he tracks the cable to its source. They arrange to meet in a few minutes.

Craftsman Weams thinks he's heard something behind him. "Getting a bit jumpy are you?" derides Staff Sergeant Arnold. They set about connecting a new drum of cable.

Unsure if the three soldiers have stopped or not, Jamie and Victoria wait before continuing to follow them. Walking into a hanging cobweb Victoria's exclamation alerts Craftsman Weams.

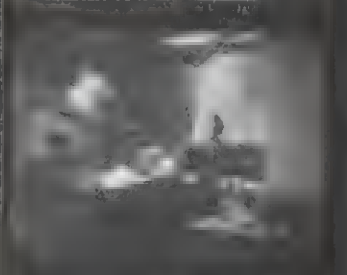
The increasingly agitated Weams is now convinced he heard something behind him

As Victoria and Jamie cautiously advance they are surprised by Staff Sergeant Arnold, who has been waiting in an alcove to ambush them. "Well, well, well," he mutters, levelling his gun. "The Babes in the Wood."



The Doctor follows the cable with his hands until he reaches Charing Cross Station. Jumping onto the platform he begins examining the crates at the end of the cable before he is alerted to a familiar bleeping noise.

He hides by the rails as a lumbering giant appears on the platform above him.



Back at the army's headquarters Corporal Lane reports his failure in contacting Holborn station to establish the whereabouts of the ammunitions truck. Captain Knight tells him to keep trying.

Anne Travers enters to report that the blast-recorder has now been repaired. She declines Knight's over-eager offers of assistance. Harold Chorley arrives to protest about the obstructive and secretive behaviour of the Professor.

As Knight bustles the journalist away she finds quiet amusement in her father's lack of tolerance.

Still lying by the rails, the Doctor notices that there are now two differently pitched bleeping rhythms above him. Two Yeti use small weapons to smother the crates in a thick cobweb substance to the accompaniment of a sweeping, rushing noise.

The crates are soon totally enveloped in the monsters' smoking web.

The cable-laying party return to the Goodge Street fortress with Victoria and Jamie. Captain Knight hasn't got time to question the two youngsters – they can't afford to waste any more time in blowing up the tunnel.

Herding Jamie and Victoria into the common room, Staff Sergeant Arnold is reluctant to answer any of their questions, but is keen to establish if they were with anyone else. Their contradictory replies cause him to grow suspicious.

Their task complete, the two Yeti leave the now glowing crates behind them. The Doctor gingerly emerges to examine their handiwork.

In the common room, Staff Sergeant Arnold conforms to Captain Knight that the boy and girl were apparently alone. As the Captain leaves to order the demolition, Jamie and Victoria are horrified to learn of the tunnel's fate. "The Doctor!" the frightened girl exclaims.

On the station platform, the Doctor is caught by the effects of a contained blast as the crates seem to explode. As the sound of the explosion subsides, the crates rhythmically glow with an eerie light . . .

Until now, that is where the story ended. The BBC's Film and Videotape Library hold no copies of the remaining five episodes of this Season Five serial.

However, **Doctor Who Magazine** Issue 211, on sale 17th March, will be your first chance to see over sixty previously unpublished photographs from the missing Episode 2 of this classic story.

Compiled by Marcus Hearn

SECONDS LATER...
GOOD, GRACIOUS ME! WHERE ARE WE?
SO WITH MODERN SCIENCE AND THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES, YOU HOPE TO CONTROL ALL.
WITH YOUR GREAT MIND, WE CAN BUILD A NEW WORLD.
WE MUST BE IN THE HEAD OF THE IDOL.
I ACCEPT ON ONE CONDITION. THAT I AM EQUAL LEADER!
EQUAL LEADER!
WHY SHOULD I MAKE SUCH A CONCESSION?
I AM NOT A FOOL, FATHER ABBOT. THE AIRLINER CONTAINS A BOMB. IF I TRIGGER IT, WE CAN ALL SAY FAREWELL.
IT IS A TRICK!
I ASSURE YOU IT IS NOT! NOW, AS EQUAL LEADER I SHALL ADDRESS OUR BROTHERS.
AND SO...
FAI PAR T'NG SO HAT FANG!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE. I'VE TOLD YOUR MONKS THAT THEY HAVE SINNED AND RETRIBUTION IS AT HAND.
AND NOW I'VE TRIGGERED THIS DEVICE THE ENTIRE PLACE WILL EXPLODE IN TWENTY MINUTES, SO I SUGGEST WE TAKE THAT AIRLINER OUT OF HERE.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS GOING ON, DOCTOR?
YOU WERE NEARLY ENSLAVED TO THIS VILLAIN, FOR LIFE. AS IT IS I TRICKED HIM AND SAVED YOU ALL.

THE DALEKS
On the planet Jevo – ten million miles away from Skaro . . .
SO WE MUST CROSS THE UNKNOWN REGIONS ?
GUARDIAN
IT IS THE ONLY WAY YOU MUST REACH THE PLANET ARIDES BEFORE ITS PLANTS FLOWER, OR THE SEEDS WILL DRIFT ALL OVER SPACE.
A DUST OF DEATH, EH ?
SPACE SHIP 'GUARDIAN' BLASTS OFF
SHALL I OPEN THE SECRET DIRECTION ORDERS NOW, COMMANDER KIRID ?
WE ARE TO CROSS THE UNKNOWN REGIONS ? BUT BUT..
THE RISK IS IMMENSE, BUT IT MUST BE TAKEN...
INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM
WE WON'T CROSS THE REGIONS, COMMANDER.. NOT EVEN FOR YOU.
DO YOU KNOW THE DANGER IF THE ARIDES PLANTS FLOWER ?
WE KNOW THE POLLEN DESTROYS ALL LIFE. NORMALLY THIS WOULD NOT AFFECT US...
BUT ONE OF OUR SHIPS PASSED OVER ARIDES AND FOUND THAT SOME VAST MUTATION HAD OCCURRED... PRODUCING MILLIONS OF GIANT FLOWERS .
THE PLANTS ARE MILES HIGH – AND GROWING ALL THE TIME. THEY ONLY HAVE TO SHED THEIR SEEDS AND THE DUST OF DEATH WILL DRIFT THROUGH SPACE DESTROYING EVERY LIVING THING IN THE COSMOS !
SO 'GUARDIAN' ALTERS COURSE TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN REGIONS..
.. INTO THE ORBIT OF SKARO...
STOP PRESS
AGENTS ALERT!
U.S.S headquarters issued the following message to TV 21 early this evening
MESSAGE BEGINS:-
Tommy Buster machine pistol specially designed by Twenty-One—stop—at last being issued as standard Agents equipment—stop—all readers of TV 21 can obtain gun at special reduced cost—stop—for details see next week's edition of TV 21.

THE DALEKS

The Jevon space ship, 'Guardian,' on a desperate flight to tackle gigantic plant mutations on planet Arides, enters the orbit of Skaro, home of the Daleks . . .

ALIEN SPACE CRAFT BEAMING GREEN 90/91. IDENTIFICATION TELEFILM TO PROCESS LABORATORY IMMEDIATELY!

COMPUTERS RESPOND...

WE HAVE NO RECORD OF SUCH A SPACE CRAFT

SPEED 2,000 KMS

SHIP COMPOSED OF LOW-GRA CONTAINS ALIENS ASTEROID LIFE

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SPACE SHIP...

DO YOU THINK THE PLANET DOWN THERE IS INHABITED, COMMANDER?

WE'LL SOON KNOW.

COMMANDER!

THE CONTROLS ARE GOING CRAZY

DO NOT DESTROY! WE WILL EXAMINE THE INTRUDER AT CLOSE RANGE

GUARDIAN IS DRAWN DOWN BY MAGNETRAP

STOP PRESS

400 PRIZES MUST BE WON!

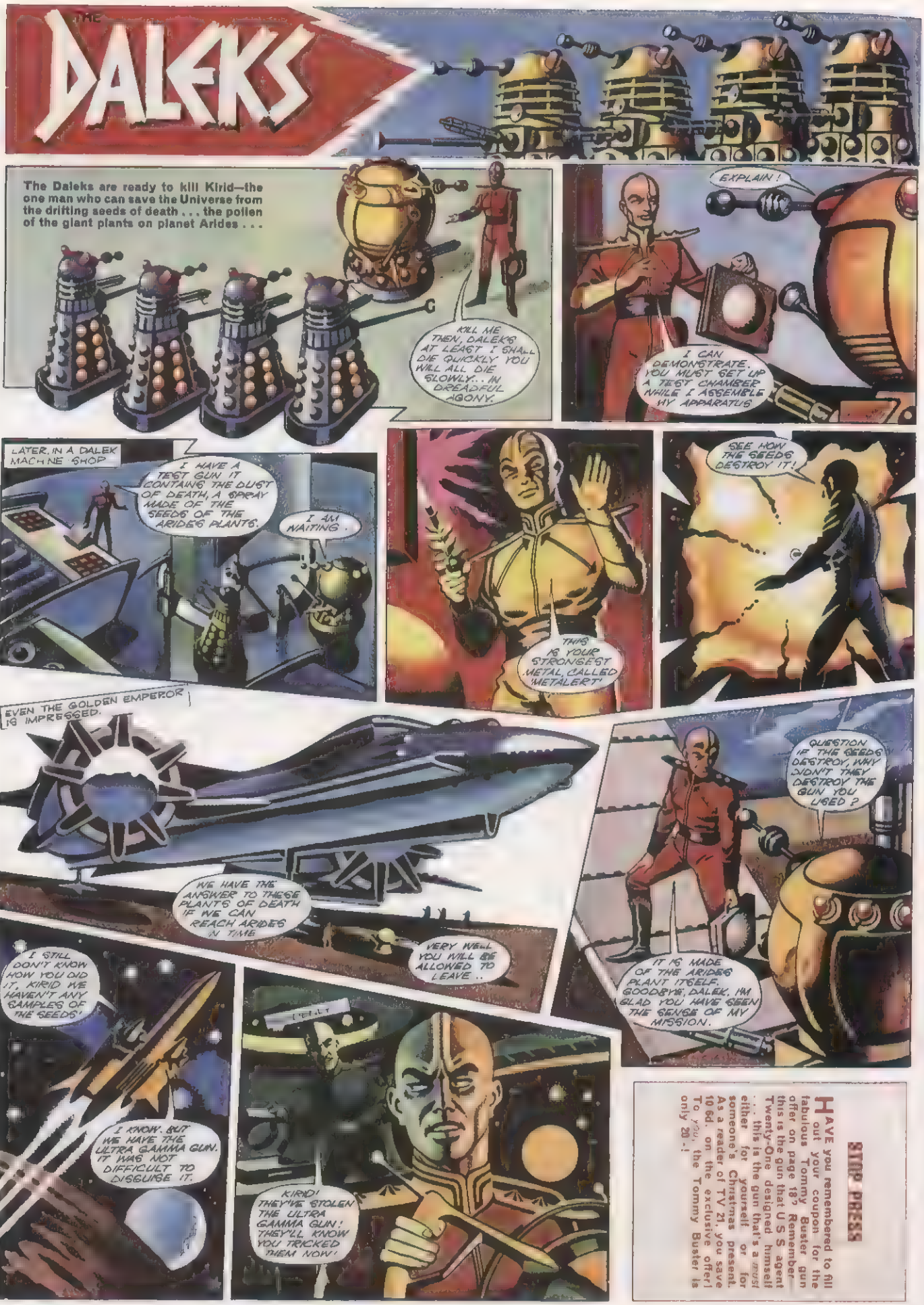
In next week's issue of TV 21 400 fabulous Playcraft toys are being offered as prizes in the biggest competition to be held this year. Prizes include a Lakeside Combination Railway Set, Champion Motor Racing Set, Corgi Garages and many more.

Also next week another chance to obtain Twenty-One's fantastic Tommy Buster. Act fast! Order your copy now!

STOP PRESS

TOMMY BUSTER OFFER

Don't forget Twenty-One's fantastic Tommy Buster. Specially designed by the master U.S.S. agent himself. Now he has released it as part of all standard agent's equipment. It can be yours for only 20/-. You save 10/6d. For full details see page 10.


THE DALEKS
The Daleks are ready to kill Kirid—the one man who can save the Universe from the drifting seeds of death . . . the pollen of the giant plants on planet Arides . . .
KILL ME THEN, DALEKS AT LEAST I SHALL DIE QUICKLY YOU WILL ALL DIE SLOWLY. . . IN DREADFUL AGONY.
EXPLAIN !
I CAN DEMONSTRATE. YOU MUST SET UP A TEST CHAMBER WHILE I ASSEMBLE MY APPARATUS
LATER, IN A DALEK MACHINE SHOP
I HAVE A TEST GUN. IT CONTAINS THE DUST OF DEATH, A SPRAY MADE OF THE SEEDS OF THE ARIDES PLANTS.
I AM WAITING .
THIS IS YOUR STRONGEST METAL, CALLED 'METALERT'
SEE HOW THE SEEDS DESTROY IT !
EVEN THE GOLDEN EMPEROR IS IMPRESSED.
WE HAVE THE ANSWER TO THESE PLANTS OF DEATH IF WE CAN REACH ARIDES IN TIME
VERY WELL YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE ..
QUESTION IF THE SEEDS DESTROY, WHY DIDN'T THEY DESTROY THE GUN YOU USED ?
IT IS MADE OF THE ARIDES PLANT ITSELF. GOODBYE, DALEK. I'M GLAD YOU HAVE SEEN THE SENSE OF MY MISSION.
I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, KIRID WE HAVEN'T ANY SAMPLES OF THE SEEDS!
I KNOW. BUT WE HAVE THE ULTRA GAMMA GUN. IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO DISGUISE IT.
KIRID! THEY'VE STOLEN THE ULTRA GAMMA GUN! THEY'LL KNOW YOU TRICKED THEM NOW!
STOP PRESS
HAVE you remembered to fill out your coupon for the fabulous Tommy Buster gun offer on page 18? Remember this is the gun that U S S agent Twenty-One designed himself . . . this is the gun that's a must either for yourself or for someone's Christmas present. As a reader of TV 21, you save 10 6d. on the exclusive offer! To you, the Tommy Buster is only 20 -!

STOP PRESS

FLASH FROM MARINEVILLE

Exciting stories and features on Stingray and the W.A.S.P. and puzzles, games and full colour pictures of your aquanaut heroes! All packed together in the new STINGRAY Annual! It's on sale at leading bookshops . . . price 10/6d! Hurry while stocks last!

THE DALEKS

Kirid has nearly sealed off the death-pollen plants of Arides—but the Daleks are out for vengeance and in pursuit . . .

WE COULD OUT-DISTANCE THEM IF WE FLED NOW!

NO! WE SEAL OFF THE PLANTS FIRST! THAT'S AN ORDER.

THE ANDROIDS ARE NOT EVEN TRYING TO ESCAPE!

SPRAYING COMPLETED. COMMANDER! PLANTS SEALED OFF!

VERY WELL. NOW FOR THE DALEKS!

DESTROY! CLOSE IN AND DESTROY!

BATTLE IN THE SKIES. .

DEATH OF HEROES....

MOMENT OF DOUBT..

THE DALEKS CONQUER BUT HAVE WE REALY DEFEATED THIS AMAZING HUMAN SPIRIT? THE REAL TEST IS YET TO COME...THE ALL-OUT WAR ON ALL HUMAN BEINGS... EVERYWHERE!

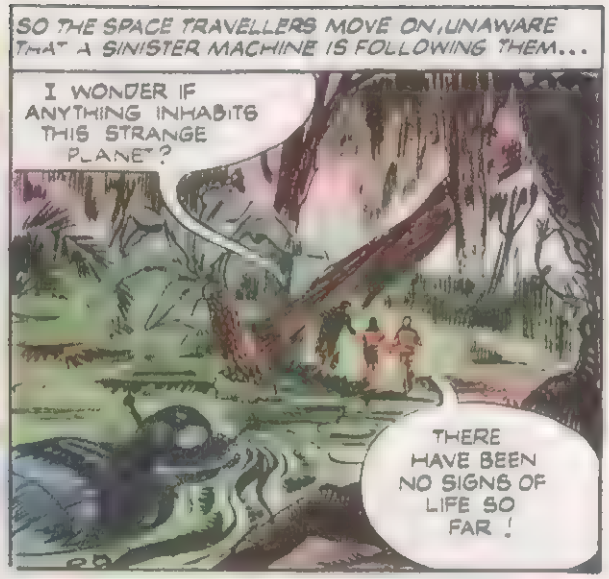
STOP PRESS

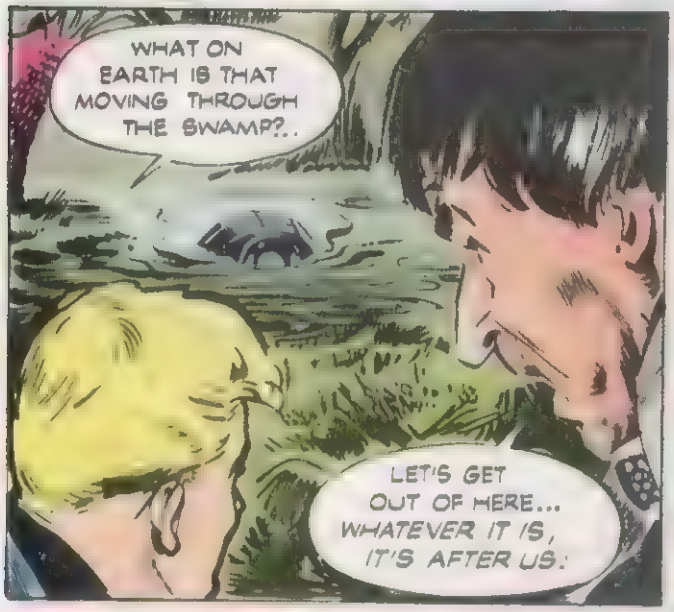
THREE GREAT ANNUALS NOW ON SALE!

See all your TV 21 favourites in three terrific annuals in the shops now! Follow the adventures of International Rescue in the new Thunderbirds Annual! Action filled stories and articles on Stingray in the new Stingray Annual! And Thunderbirds, Fireball and Stingray plus your regular TV 21 characters packed together in the 1967 TV 21 Annual! All these great books are on sale now price 10 6d EACH.

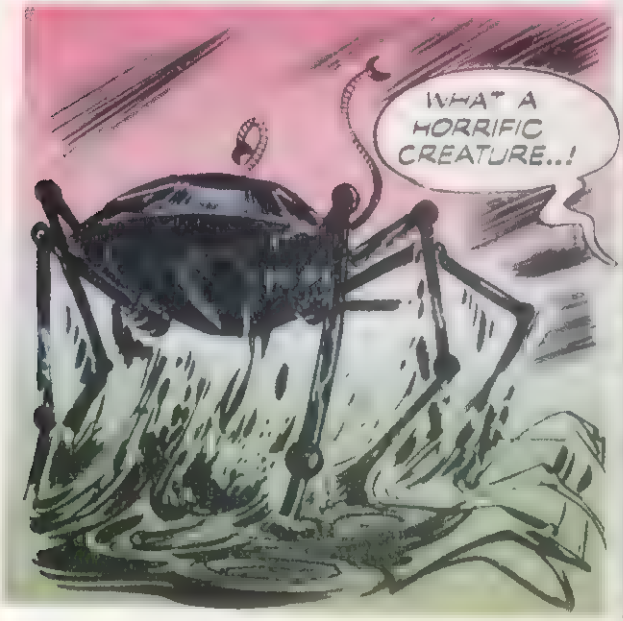
6D
TV COMIC
Top of the laughter pops!
POPEYE on page 5
WE'VE MATERIALIZED IN A SWAMP... TREAD CAREFULLY AS YOU LEAVE THE TARDIS!
DOCTOR WHO and the DALEKS
The Tardis whirls through time and space, heading for an unknown destination and a new adventure . . .
THIS PLACE IS CREEPY!
...YES, BUT IT WILL SUIT MY PURPOSE NICELY... AN IDEAL TESTING GROUND FOR MY NEWLY DEVELOPED RAY GUN!
THAT TREE SHOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT TARGET!
THE POWER IS INCREDIBLE!

ASTOUNDING! I THINK A MORE WORTHY TARGET IS CALLED FOR !
LET'S PUSH ON THROUGH THE SWAMP.. THERE'S BOUND TO BE SOMETHING LARGER.. A ROCK FORMATION, MAYBE ?


SO THE SPACE TRAVELLERS MOVE ON, UNAWARE THAT A SINISTER MACHINE IS FOLLOWING THEM...
I WONDER IF ANYTHING INHABITS THIS STRANGE PLANET ?
THERE HAVE BEEN NO SIGNS OF LIFE SO FAR !


WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT MOVING THROUGH THE SWAMP?..
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE... WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S AFTER US!

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE... IT'S RISING OUT OF THE SWAMP!


WHAT A HORRIFIC CREATURE..!

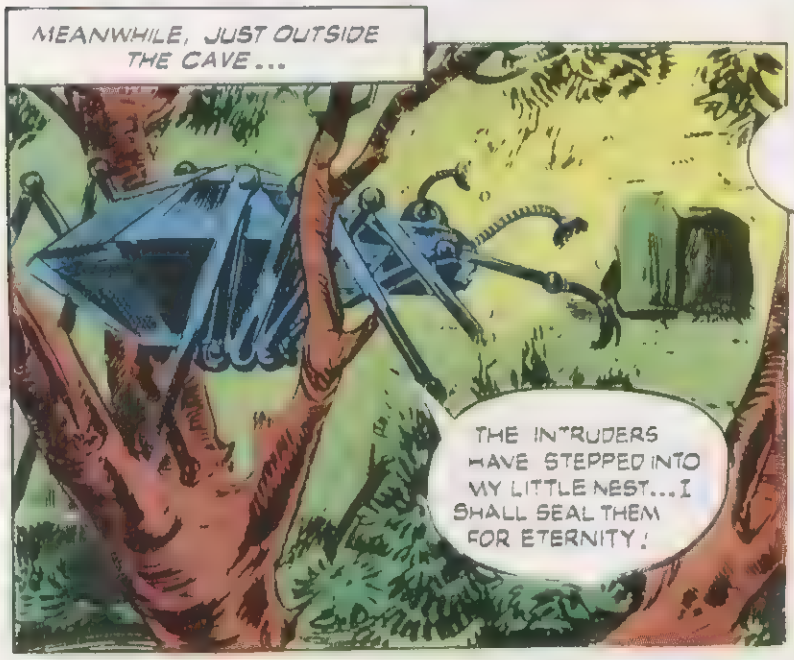
IT DOESN'T TRAVEL AS FAST AS I HAD THOUGHT IT MIGHT... WE MAY BE ABLE TO ESCAPE!

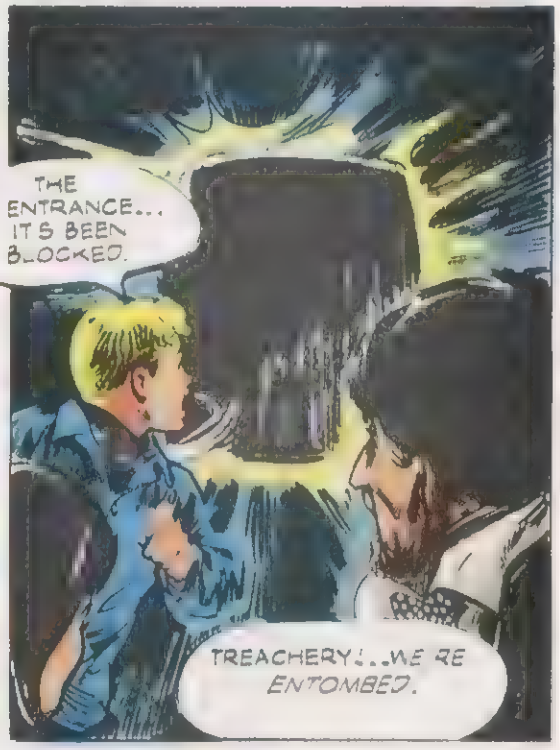
THESE SPACE TRAVELLERS WILL LEARN THAT I, THE MASTER OF SPIDERS, WILL NOT TOLERATE VISITORS TO MY DOMAIN
NO TIME TO WASTE!...THAT WAY! THE HIDEOUS METAL CREATURE ON OUR TAIL WILL SHOW US NO MERCY!
A LITTLE LATER...
I THINK WE'VE GIVEN IT THE SLIP... TAKE A BREATHER!
WHAT A RELIEF... I'VE NEVER BEEN SO SCARED IN MY LIFE!
BAH! THEY HAVE ESCAPED ME!
NEVER MIND! MY PETS WILL SOON FIND THEM!
PULL DOWN TO OPEN SPIDER CAVE
THE LEVER ON THE MASTER'S CONTROL PANEL OPENS THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVE IN A NEARBY PART OF THE WOODED SWAMP...
SEEK OUT THE SPACE TRAVELLERS, MY BEAUTIES... DON'T FAIL ME!

TV COMIC
A GIANT SPIDER...AND IT'S REAL THIS TIME!
DOCTOR WHO and the DALEKS
DON'T LET IT NEAR US, DOCTOR... DESTROY IT!
DIE, HIDEOUS CREATURE... DIE!
THAT WAS A NEAR THING... WE'D BETTER CLEAR OFF! THERE'S BOUND TO BE MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!
A HIDEOUT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE... THE RAY GUN WILL BE NO USE IF WE ARE ATTACKED BY A GROUP OF THOSE MONSTERS!
LET'S GO DEEPER INTO THE FOREST!

PERFECT...THIS CAVE WILL BE AN IDEAL PLACE TO HIDE FROM THE SPIDERS!

WE'LL CONCEAL OURSELVES UNTIL NIGHTFALL AND THEN MAKE A SEARCH FOR THE TARDIS!
WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIND IT... I COULDN'T STAND ANOTHER DAY ON THIS TERRIFYING PLANET!


MEANWHILE, JUST OUTSIDE THE CAVE...
THE INTRUDERS HAVE STEPPED INTO MY LITTLE NEST...I SHALL SEAL THEM FOR ETERNITY!


THE ENTRANCE... IT'S BEEN BLOCKED.
TREACHERY!...WE'RE ENTOMBED.

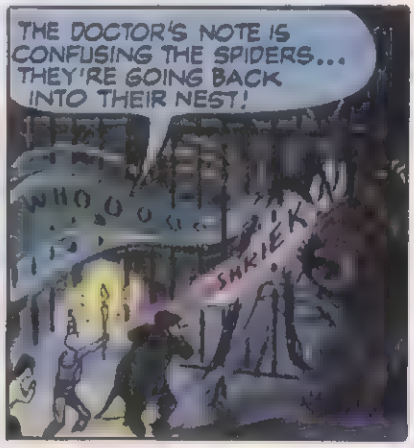
THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT! THE ROCK OVER THE CAVE MOUTH IS A MAN-MADE DOOR...PROBABLY ALSO CONTROLLED FROM THE MECHANICAL SPIDER!

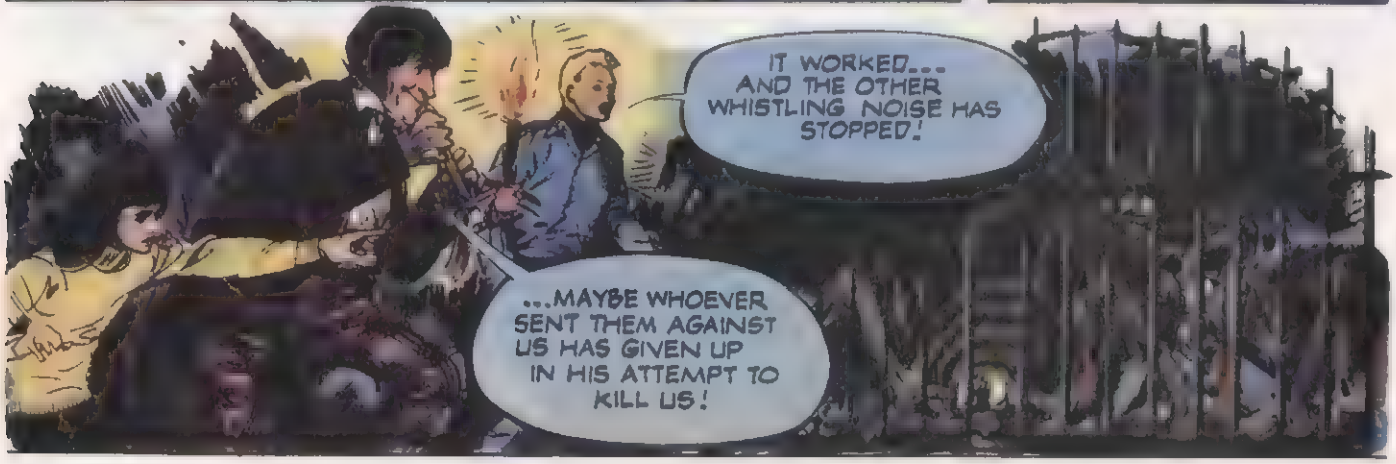
OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT THERE IS ANOTHER WAY OUT... FOLLOW ME AND KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS ALERT.

LISTEN...IT'S AN ELECTRONIC SOUND COMING FROM SOME SORT OF SONIC EQUIPMENT!
WHO-O-O-OOOOO...
IT'S WEIRD!
LOOK THERE!
OH NO.
THAT WHISTLING NOISE HAS STOPPED... AND THE CREATURES HAVE BECOME SLEEPY AND DOCILE...
THE SPIDER'S NEST!.. WE'RE LUCKY THEY'RE BEHIND BARS!
SUDDENLY THE DOCTOR'S THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED AS THE WHISTLING SOUND RETURNS...
...UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS THAT SOUND COMES FROM THE MECHANICAL SPIDER AND CONTROLS THE ACTIONS OF THESE LIVING CREATURES.
WH-E-E-E-E...
THE NOISE IS BACK... AND THE DOOR TO THE NEST IS OPENING! MY FEARS WERE CORRECT ... THE SOUND SENDS THEM INTO ACTION!
THEY'RE COMING AT US AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT.

6D
TV COMIC
WH-H-O-O-O-O
IT'S THE WHISTLING SOUND THAT CONTROLS THE SPIDERS... WHEN IT STOPS THEY ARE POWERLESS!
HOW DOES THAT HELP US? WE'RE DOOMED!
DOCTOR WHO and the DALEKS

W-H-O-O-O
SHRIEK!
IF I CAN CREATE A SIMILAR WHISTLING SOUND I MAY BE ABLE TO CONFUSE THEM!


THE DOCTOR'S NOTE IS CONFUSING THE SPIDERS... THEY'RE GOING BACK INTO THEIR NEST!
WHO O O
SHRIEK

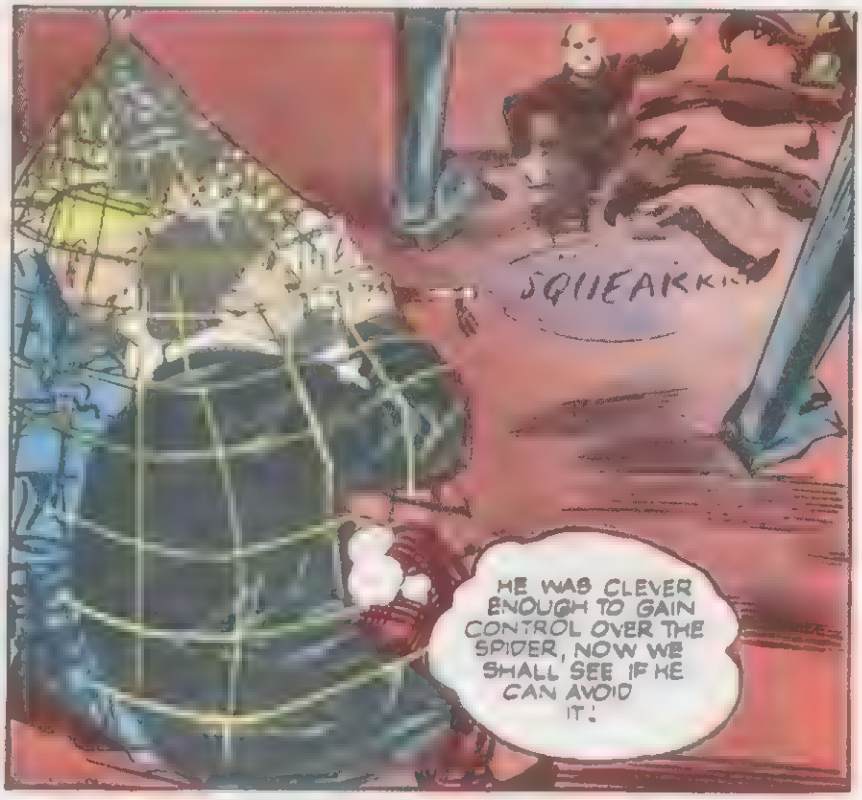

IT WORKED... AND THE OTHER WHISTLING NOISE HAS STOPPED!
...MAYBE WHOEVER SENT THEM AGAINST US HAS GIVEN UP IN HIS ATTEMPT TO KILL US!

I THINK YOU MAY HAVE SPOKEN TOO SOON, JOHN!
OH, NO!
WE'RE CAUGHT IN A WEB!
IT'S STICKY.. I CAN'T MOVE!
IT'S THE MECHANICAL SPIDER... WE ARE BEING HAULED UP BY A STRAND WHICH COMES FROM ITS UNDERCARRIAGE!
I THINK WE ARE ABOUT TO LEARN WHO CONTROLS THE MONSTERS BELOW!..
...QUITE RIGHT! I AM THE MASTER OF SPIDERS AND I DO NOT TOLERATE INTRUDERS!
THIS IS THE DEVICE WHICH CONTROLS MY PETS... I THINK I'LL BRING A FEW OF THEM UP HERE!
W-H-O-
W-H-O-
...LOOK THERE! ONE OF THE SPIDERS IS REACHING UP FOR US!

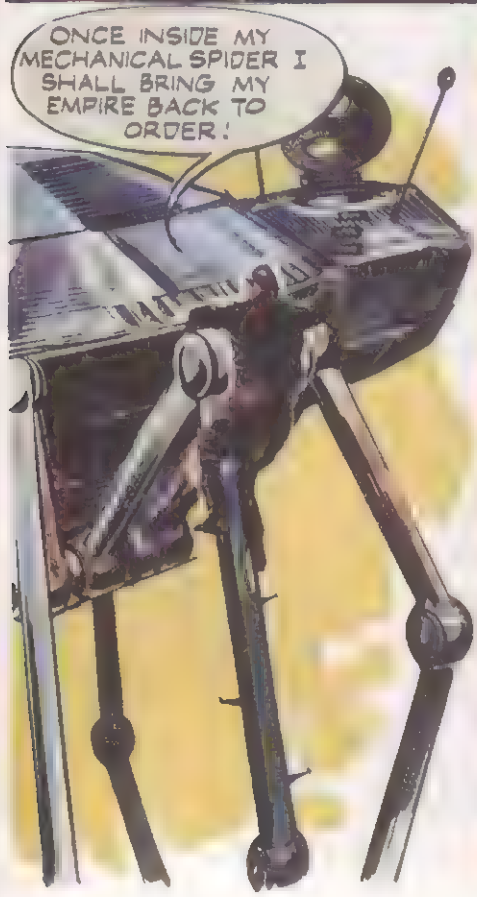
MY RECORDER IS THE ONLY CHANCE ... I MAY BE ABLE TO TURN THE SPIDER ON ITS MASTER!
WHAT IS THE PRISONER UP TO?..KILL THEM, MY BEAUTY!
SQUEEEK
H-O-O

WH-O-O-O-O-O
MY PET IS CONFUSED...IT IS NOT RESPONDING TO THE CONTROL BOX!
STAY BACK! OBEY ME!

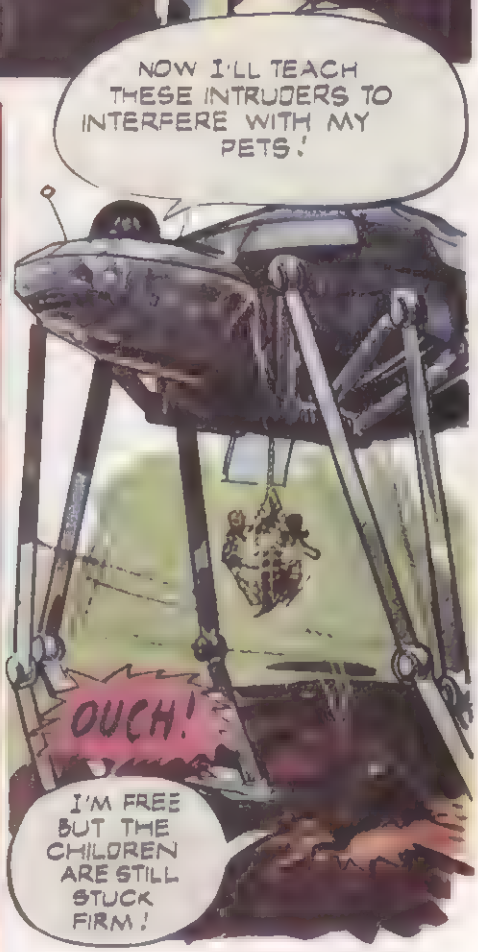
I'VE LOST MY POWER OVER IT! I'M DOOMED!


SQUEAKK
HE WAS CLEVER ENOUGH TO GAIN CONTROL OVER THE SPIDER, NOW WE SHALL SEE IF HE CAN AVOID IT!

6d
TV COMIC
I WILL NOT DIE SO EASILY, DR. WHO!
SHRIEK!
DR. WHO and the DALEKS
Find 'HOW' inside
on page 11


ONCE INSIDE MY MECHANICAL SPIDER I SHALL BRING MY EMPIRE BACK TO ORDER!

TRY AND WRIGGLE FREE, CHILDREN! THE MASTER HAS REACHED THE COCKPIT ABOVE US... IF HE GETS TO THE CONTROLS WE'RE DONE FOR!


NOW I'LL TEACH THESE INTRUDERS TO INTERFERE WITH MY PETS!
OUCH!
I'M FREE BUT THE CHILDREN ARE STILL STUCK FIRM!

THE MASTER DOESN'T KNOW I HAVE ESCAPED... I'LL USE MY GUN TO CUT THE CHILDREN FREE!
THERE'S NOTHING THE DOCTOR CAN DO... WE ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE MANIAC WHO CONTROLS THE SPIDER!
DIRECT HIT...THE CHILDREN ARE SAFE!
BUMP
WE'VE BEEN CUT LOOSE BY THE RAY GUN!
BAH! THEY HAVE BROKEN FREE... I WILL GO BACK AND CRUSH THEM!
AH!
HURRY UP! THE SPIDER HAS TURNED AROUND.. IT'S COMING BACK THIS WAY!
WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE ACTION

In an action-packed new story starting next week, Dr. Who faces the DALEKS!

Maintaining his on-going guide to all of the *Doctor Who* comic strips adventures, John Ainsworth continues his in-depth look at the strip adventures of the Second Doctor.

FATHER TIME

TV Comic
Issues 890 - 893
(4.1.69 - 18.1.69)
Pages: 14 & 15 (B & W)
Writer: Roger Noel Cook
Artist: John Canning

The TARDIS lands in the temple of time which is full of giant clocks. The Doctor and Jamie meet Father Time who flies into a rage when he discovers that his two visitors travel *through* time. Determined to put the Doctor and Jamie to death for their "evil excursions", Father Time consigns Jamie to die in the falling sands of a giant hour glass and the Doctor to be lowered by pendulum into a vat of boiling oil.

As with the story *The Jokers*, writer Roger Noel Cook submitted two alternate endings for his *Father Time* storyline to the *Doctor Who* production office. The first had Father Time swinging at the Doctor and Jamie with his scythe, overbalancing and falling into the vat of boiling oil. The second ending featured the Doctor setting off a giant alarm clock, the vibrations of which caused a giant grandfather clock to fall on Father Time crushing him to death. In his memo of approval to Cook, television script editor Terrance Dicks very much favoured the second ending. However, as it transpires, neither end was used though elements of both storylines can be seen in the published strip.

MARTHA THE MECHANICAL HOUSEMAID

TV Comic
Issues 894 - 898
(1.2.69 - 1.3.69)
Pages: 14 & 15 (B & W)
Writer: Roger Noel Cook
Artist: John Canning

The Doctor invents Martha, a robot which is designed to do housework of all kinds. Landing in the New York of 1971, the Doctor takes his invention to International Inventions who mass produce the robots in their millions.

Watching this are the Quarks who transmit a signal which causes the Marthas to turn on humanity. With America weakened, the Quarks launch their invasion.

"We've hit the big time, Jamie," shouts the Doctor with glee. But for the Doctor to invent a labour saving device, let alone allow it to be marketed, seems totally at odds with his television counterpart. In all fairness, though, the Doctor does say that he will donate his profits from the sales to charity.

Both John Canning and Roger Noel Cook obviously decided to rely on cliches when they worked on this story. Canning's depiction of a small 1971 American town looks like something out of *Gunsmoke* including a saloon with swing doors.

The New York police are shown to be a rather rum lot, greeting a squad of Quarks with the battle-cry, "Here they are, boys... Give 'em a hail of lead."

The TARDIS workshop is apparently 'tiny', but quite why this distinction is made is unclear.

THE DUELLISTS

TV Comic
Issues 899 - 902
(8.3.69 - 29.3.69)
Pages: 14 & 15 (B & W)
Writer: Roger Noel Cook (Unconfirmed)
Artist: John Canning

The Doctor lands the TARDIS on the planet Hekton in 2044. The planet has been colonised by humans who have adopted the lives of Regency gentry.

The Doctor is taken prisoner and used as sport but a murder squad of Quarks soon arrive intent on eliminating the time traveller. Eventually all but one of the Quarks are defeated by the gentry and the Doctor has to face the remaining robot in contest.

Jamie is no longer with the Doctor and no reference is made to him. At the time the story was written it may already have been known that Frazer Hines would soon be leaving *Doctor Who* on television and the actor might have withdrawn permission for his likeness to be used.

As foes, the Quarks are seen to be something of a shower in this story. They are defeated by swords and the Doctor pulls one onto its front commenting "Quarks are clumsy on their feet." This adventure was to be the Quark's final appearance in *TV Comic*'s *Doctor Who* strip.

The adventure concludes in a rather unsatisfactory manner as the Doctor merely escapes leaving the gentry to continue their unpleasant activities.

This strip was reprinted in July 1978 in Issues 1386 to 1389 of *TV Comic*. Although the likeness of Patrick Troughton was overdrawn with a depiction of the Fourth Doctor's face and hair, the Second Doctor's clothes remained the same.

ESKIMO JOE

TV Comic
Issues 903 - 906
(5.4.69 - 26.4.69)
Pages: 14 & 15 (B & W)
Writer: Roger Noel Cook
Artist: John Canning

Landing on an ice planet the Doctor decides to partake in a spot of skiing. However, he is soon horrified to discover a patrol of Cybermen.

Faking his own death to put the Cybermen off his scent, the Doctor joins forces with Joe, a native Eskimo.

Armed only with Joe's robot gulls and a basket of exploding eggs, the Doctor and Joe attack the Cyber encampment.

The sight of a squad of Cybermen on skis is a faintly ridiculous image further compounded when, believing the Doctor to be dead, the Cybermen raise their arms into the air in celebration of their arch enemy's death.

This adventure was the last to feature the Cybermen as the Doctor's opponents in the regular *TV Comic*.

PERIL AT 60 FATHOMS

TV Comic
Issues 907 - 910
(3.5.69 - 24.5.69)
Pages: 14 & 15 (B & W)
Writer: Roger Noel Cook
Artist: John Canning

The TARDIS lands on the sea of the planet Nook. Sinking beneath the waves, the Doctor dons a divers suit and goes for a walk on the sea-bed.

Discovering a crashed spaceship, the Doctor attempts to help the crew to repair and re-launch their vessel. However, his efforts are hampered by a giant squid.

In a rare piece of continuity, the airlock door of the TARDIS is seen as a hatchway in the roof. Three years previously, the airlock was seen to be in exactly the same position in *The Underwater Robot*, an adventure of the First Doctor.

The Doctor communicates with the crew of the spaceship by showing each other written notes through a glass porthole. The Doctor writes on his 'underwater note-pad' which he no doubt brought with him for just such an eventuality.

Once again, the Doctor is seen to exchange ingenuity for his ray pistol when dealing with the giant squid.

THE CHAMPION

TV Comic Holiday Special (1969)
Pages: 6 & 7 (B & W)
Writer: Unknown
Artist: Patrick Williams

When the TARDIS is caught in a web the Doctor is captured and forced to take part in a wrestling match while spectators look on. After defeating his giant ape-like opponent the Doctor is named as champion. However, he is then forced into a contest with a Cyberman.

Quite how the TARDIS is captured in the web is unclear. However, it would seem that the Cybermen are also time travellers as the web apparently only traps those who are travelling through time.

THE ENTERTAINER

TV Comic Holiday Special (1969)
Pages: 38 & 39 (B & W)
Writer: Unknown
Artist: Patrick Williams

The TARDIS materialises in a magnificent city owned by Heinrich Karl, the wealthiest man in the Universe. The bored Karl uses the Doctor to amuse him in his attempts to escape.

OPERATION WURLITZER!

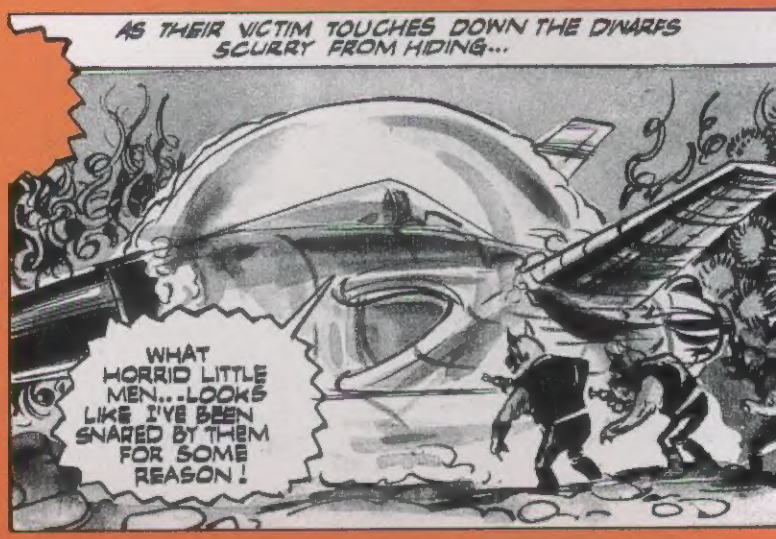
TV Comic
Issues 911 - 915
(31.5.69 - 28.6.69)
Pages: 14 & 15 (B & W)
Writer: Roger Noel Cook
Artist: John Canning

Materialising on a jungle planet, the Doctor discovers Jason Wurlitzer who is being held captive by a race of hideous dwarfs. The Doctor is also captured and then dispatched with a ransom message to Jason's rich father, Kurt.

However, Wurlitzer Snr. refuses to hand over the uranium requested by the Dwarfs. Instead he asks the Doctor to assemble a crack team and to head a mission to rescue Jason.

The Doctor is given a free hand to choose anybody he wants for his rescue team. His choices are, Hik Kellar the greatest big game hunter ever known, 'Fingers' O'Flannegan the slickest jail breaker on record and Professor Neob Frankel of the planet Zot. Professor Frankel's one and only contribution to the mission is a rubber spaceship which cannot be detected by the dwarfs.

"This is all too incredible to believe," says Jason Wurlitzer at one point. Hmm...



GO ON -- GET YOURSELF WRAPPED UP IN...

NEWS, VIEWS, BEHIND-THE-SCENES FEATURES

AND ALL-NEW ADVENTURES!